Homer City, Pa., in favor of House bill 178, for the reduction of the tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. KEHOE: Petition of Howard Jett and 3 other retail druggists of Cynthiana, Ky., urging the reduction of the tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. KERN: Petition of merchants of New Athens, Ill., protesting against the proposed post-check law—to the Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads.

By Mr. KITCHIN: Petitions of W. S. Allen and others, of Reidsville, and J. C. Simmons and others, of Graham, and Ewbanks Drug Company, of Chapel Hill, N. C., urging the reduction of the tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. LONG: Papers to accompany House bill 15230, granting a pension to Elizabeth A. Blanchard—to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. McCALL: Petition of citizens assembled in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., June 26, 1902, praying that Apolinario Mabini, Emilio Aguinaldo, and other like representative Filipinos be permitted to come to the United States to submit their views and give information to the American Government within hearing of the American people—to the Committee on Insular Affairs.

Also, petition of retail druggists of Medford and Somerville, Mass., in favor of House bill 178, for the reduction of the tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. MIERS of Indiana: Petitions of B. B. Grubb, of Oaktown; John D. Bell and other druggists, of Harrodsburg; R. E. Eveleigh and others, of Bloomfield, Ind., for reduction of the tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. PALMER: Petition of Polish Political Club of Nanticoke, Pa., favoring the erection of a statue to the late Brigadier-General Count Pulaski at Washington—to the Committee on the Library.

By Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana: Petitions of T. J. Forrey, of Wawaka; H. M. Phillips and Mintzer, Weaver & Co., of Ashley; R. C. Cameron and J. D. Black, of Fremont, and A. R. Otis and three other druggists of Kendallville, Ind., in favor of the Joy bill the reduction of tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. RYAN: Resolutions of Broadway Business Men's Association, North Jefferson Business Men's Association, and Cold Springs Business Men's Association, all of Buffalo, N. Y., favoring a bill to authorize the Mather Power Company to construct experimental span in Niagara River at Buffalo, N. Y.—to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. SULZER: Resolution of Israelite Alliance of America, asking relief from Russian hostile action against the Jews—to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

By Mr. THOMAS of North Carolina: Papers to accompany House bill No. 13843, granting an increase of pension to O. D. Heald—to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. ZENOR: Petition of J. A. Graham, M. H. Dougherty, B. Doolittle, and 7 other druggists of Jeffersonville, Ind., favoring the enactment of House bill 178, reducing the tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Also, papers to accompany House bill No. 3007, for the relief of Richard F. Fuller—to the Committee on Military Affairs.

## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, *June 29, 1902.*

The House met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. HENRY N. COUDEN, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we lift up our hearts in gratitude to Thee for a deep, tender, sympathetic nature, which enables us not only to enter into the joys and sorrows of our fellows, but enables us to appreciate all that is truly noble and great in them, and we bless Thee for the beautiful custom which prevails in the American Congress which, at the death of a member, brings them together in a memorial service that they may tenderly and feelingly express their sense of loss and pronounce fitting eulogies and encomiums on his life and character.

We are here to-day, O Lord, feeling keenly the loss of two members of this House, who for their ability, strength of character, manly bearing, and distinguished services have left vacant chairs which can not be easily filled, and we truly mourn their loss. We bless Thee for the excellency of their lives, for their distinguished and efficient services to their country, for the worthy example they have left behind them as statesmen and patriots. And we thank Thee that their colleagues and associates will hold up to the world their characters in the light of truth as examples worthy of study and emulation. And we bless Thee that this day has been selected, since it is really the Lord's day—the day of the week on which the immortality of the soul was demonstrated and confirmed, which assures us that death is not an extinction of being, but an epoch—an event—in the grand eternal march of existence. Let Thy blessing be upon this service, and fit us all by the discipline of the now that we may enter upon the then fully prepared for whatever awaits us.

Comfort, we beseech Thee, the bereaved families with the blessed assurance of a never-ending reunion, where the angel of death never enters, where joy and peace eternal shall reign supreme, and glory and honor and praise be Thine through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

### EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE CUMMINGS.

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York offers the following resolutions, which will be read by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York.

*Resolved*, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following request for unanimous consent.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of a resolution which the Clerk will now read to the House.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. McCLELLAN asks unanimous consent—

That all members be permitted to print remarks upon the life, character, and services of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS;

That the report of the funeral services held in memory of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS on the floor of the House May 4, 1902, be printed in the same volume with the report of these proceedings; and

That he be permitted to print as a part of his remarks the report of the memorial exercises held at Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on June 22, 1902, under the auspices of Typographical Union No. 6.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, the life of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of such intense interest, of such ceaseless activity and varied experience, his character was so many-sided, that in speaking of his life work one is almost overwhelmed by the wealth of material from which to choose. Printer and newspaper man, editor and man of letters, soldier of fortune and soldier for the Union, politician in the best sense of the word, and Representative in Congress for many years, there was scarcely a phase of human life and human sympathy with which he was unfamiliar. Always ready to sound the praises of others, always ready to recognize merit and worth in political enemies, CUMMINGS was one of the most modest men where he himself was concerned. A delightful companion, an inimitable story-teller, he used to describe the experiences of his life from the point of view of an onlooker, as though he himself had had no share in the stirring deeds in which he had taken part.

A filibuster under Walker in his last expedition to Nicaragua, CUMMINGS began a life of adventure at an age when most boys are still at school. On the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, and came out as sergeant-major of the regiment. He fought at Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg. For his gallantry at Salem Heights, May 4, 1863, he received the Congressional medal of honor. He was justly proud of the knot of ribbon he wore in his buttonhole—the bit of ribbon of such small money value and of such immeasurable worth. The regiment was ordered to support a battery in resisting a Confederate charge. Such was the desperate gallantry of the Confederates that CUMMINGS's regiment broke and began to retire, leaving the battery in the hands of the enemy. Seizing the colors from the hands of the color-sergeant, who had been mortally wounded, CUMMINGS turned and, under a galling fire, ran back to the captured guns. The regiment halted, rallied around him, and the guns were recovered.

CUMMINGS became a compositor on the New York Tribune, and helped to save the Tribune office from the mob during the draft riots in 1863. Later on he became editor of the Weekly Tribune, and afterwards joined the staff of the New York Sun, subsequently becoming its managing editor.

In 1886 he was elected to the House of Representatives in the Fiftieth Congress. He declined a renomination on becoming

managing editor of the New York Evening Sun, but was reelected to the Fifty-first Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. S. S. Cox. He was reelected to the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, and defeated for the Fifty-fourth, but elected in another district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. A. J. Campbell. He was reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. He thus had a continuous service of nearly fifteen years. His record was a convincing proof of the wisdom of keeping good men in Congress. The longer he stayed, the greater became his influence and the greater his usefulness to the people of New York and to the country.

His best work was performed as chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs and when in opposition as head of the minority of that committee. He was recognized not only here, but everywhere, as one of the greatest authorities on naval matters. As a member of the Committee on Library his ability as a literary man showed itself in some of his reports on public monuments, which are classics. But his membership on the Committee on Labor was always nearest to his heart. It is probable that he was prouder of what he was able to accomplish in his fifteen years of service in the cause of organized labor than he was of any of the many useful acts in his useful life. Always a member of Typographical Union No. 6, the interests of organized labor were his especial care and pleasure. In his death labor lost one of its best and wisest friends.

He was an unassuming man, of simple, gentle nature, with a marvelous capacity for making friends and for retaining them. A profound lover of nature and her beauties, he had a profound trust in and love of mankind. The world is richer because he lived, and poorer because he died.

Mr. FOSS. Mr. Speaker, much has been said in tribute to the memory of the man we mourn to-day, but not too much, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS was not made in the ordinary mold. He was a marked man of his generation and his time. He thought much, he wrote much, he labored much, and therefore unto him much honor is due.

I first met AMOS J. CUMMINGS when I came to this House as a member of the Fifty-fourth Congress. My associations extended from that time until the day of his death, but I came to know him well in connection with his work on the Naval Committee. He was at one time chairman of that committee, and ever had the interests of the naval service thoroughly at heart. He was always regularly at the meetings, even to the last few weeks before his death when it caused him a great deal of effort and pain to be present. No one was better posted on naval affairs than he. He had made it his peculiar study during his Congressional career and was familiar with every branch of the great subject.

His sympathy was particularly with the enlisted men of the Navy—the under dogs, so to speak, of the Navy—the men who make possible the victories of our great commanders. These are the men whose condition he sought to better, because he believed that the strength of the personnel of the Navy lay in the contentment and training of the enlisted men, and to his splendid work is due in no small degree the preparedness of the Navy in our last war, and while it is proper that we should give credit to the officers and men who actually engaged in that conflict that added Manila and Santiago to the pages in our naval history, yet it must be said that much is due also to AMOS J. CUMMINGS, who, long before the war came, saw the necessity of building up our strong arm upon the sea, of appropriating money for the building of ships, so that when the war should come we would be ready to meet the foe.

In my associations with AMOS J. CUMMINGS I found him always to be a broad and generous man. He differed from his colleagues on many important questions, upon which any man might have reasonable differences, and strove for what he believed to be right, yet he never took advantage of his opponent. He fought out in the open, and he fought with a determination which even those who differed from him were wont to respect and admire. It is said that all the world loves a fighter, and no manlier fighter ever lived than AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Mr. CUMMINGS was a good partisan, but a better American. He realized that there should be no partisanship in the Navy any more than there should be in the Army. He appreciated that magnificent sentiment of Webster that "At the water's edge all politics should cease." It was the same spirit which he manifested on the floor of the House when he said, "May I be paralyzed when I vote against a proposition for the comfort and shelter of American soldiers." That same sentiment actuated him in all the great and small questions which he was called upon to consider in connection with the maintenance and building up of the American Navy. He ever stood the strong supporter of the Army and the Navy, the defenders of our country upon land and sea.

There were many beautiful traits in this man's character. Not only was he patriotic and broad minded and courageous, as exemplified in a long and distinguished public career, but there were so often displayed in his daily life those little touches of human character which indicate the strong and mighty purpose of the man. He was a great lover of nature, and it is doubtful whether any man ever becomes great who does not love nature. He often used to hie himself to a small camp on the banks of the Susquehanna River, where during a portion of the summer months he spent his time fishing. He loved the running waters, the shapely trees, and delighted in calling and coaxing the birds and squirrels to him. His letters from Florida upon the trees and beauties of nature are well worth reading. His knowledge of botany and of floriculture was remarkable. He was truly nature's child.

He seemed to understand nature in all its various manifestations, and no one has ever read his letters, where he spoke each week to more people than any member of Congress, but what they were struck with the breadth of his knowledge. He seemed to commune with the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air and the animals that walk upon the earth.

If I had time I could give many instances of this, how at one time he set at liberty a whole box of unfortunate tadpoles which had been left high and dry by the tide, and how every day for months he fed the squirrels in Capitol Park, and would often go to market to buy nuts for the little fellows, who became so tame that they ate from his hands. He had a canary in his room which he would always take to his meals with him and while eating would converse with the bird.

I could relate a very touching incident of his life which exemplified the real self of the man in rescuing from a burning building a poor burned dog, which he carefully nursed and tenderly cared for, and which ever afterwards became his constant companion in his home. He was a friend of everything that crept and chirped and barked and sang and grew and toiled and spun in nature's garden. He exemplified in his life the teachings of Holy Writ—he that giveth most receiveth most. He was, indeed, nature's child and in love with her, and loving much he was most beloved.

Another splendid trait about this man was that his sympathies went out constantly to his fellows around him, those who were struggling up life's highway, to the unfortunate and the downtrodden and the depressed. He knew what life's struggle was. He had climbed from the lowliest round and he never spurned the way by which he climbed. He was the outspoken champion of labor. His great aim in life was to better labor's condition.

Another thing about this man was that he was never too big to be known as "AMOS." In fact, it pleased him to be called by his Christian name. Every child in the block in which he lived called him "AMOS," not in disrespect, but in the fullness of affection for the man. And so to-day we mourn this man of broad sympathies, of large capacities, and great abilities, who had been successful in many avenues of life, one of the best journalists—a disciple of Greeley and of Dana—a true and loyal soldier, a broad statesman, a captivating public speaker; but we who knew him so well mourn him most of all as our friend and colleague, with all the wealth of meaning which those terms imply.

He was a great lover of books. He roamed over the fields of literature gathering unto him sentiments and ideas as he roamed over the hills and valleys and dales. The last thing which this lover of books read preparatory to taking his journey to the neighboring city for the operation which resulted in his death was this extract from a book by Sir Jonah Barrington, entitled "The Recollections of his Own Times," and I read it now, as it seems appropriate to the hour and occasion:

> But another quality of inestimable value I possess, thank heaven, in a degree which, at my time of life, if not supernatural, is not very far from it, a memory of the greatest and most wide-ranging powers. Its retrospect is astonishing to myself, and has wonderfully increased since my necessary application to a single science has been dispensed with. The recollection of one early incident of our lives never fails to introduce another, and the marked occurrences of my life from childhood to the wrong side of a grand climacteric are at this moment fresh in my memory in all their natural tints as at the instant of their occurrence.

CUMMINGS.

Happy, cheerful, loyal man,
Built upon the God-like plan,
Always doing something good
For his human brotherhood;
Memory, with her magic spell,
O'er the years shall fondly tell
How his glorious, active mind
Loved and wrought for all mankind.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May, 1902.*

Mr. CANNON. Mr. Speaker, in the hurry and pressure of legislative life I have not had time to prepare remarks touching our late colleague. And yet this morning, in this Hall, with the House in session where I have so often met the late Representative, who was my friend, I feel that I want to say a word about

his services and his character. I think, perhaps, he would have had a word of sympathy for my friends if the circumstances had been reversed. More than that, my heart prompts me to give a word of sympathy to his family and friends.

The life in this House is a strenuous life. The contests are sharp and decisive. The House has to assist, and in the main originate, legislation that makes for the good or otherwise of 80,000,000 people. Sometimes we laugh about it.

Sometimes we say that Representatives have easy times—that anybody can be a Representative; as he can if he is chosen by a constituency. Easy berth! But gentlemen know, I think the country knows, and I know, that AMOS J. CUMMINGS realized the fact that it takes all of the industry, all of the culture, all of the devotion of an honest man and a patriot to perform the duties of a Representative properly in this House. He came in 1887, if I recollect aright, in the Fiftieth Congress, and served continuously to the end. God gave him manly courage. He was intellectually honest. A great many people can be honest—that they will not steal, accept bribes or give bribes—that is grand and splendid when temptation comes. But in his whole make-up he was honest and manly as well as courageous. In my service with him I never heard a word uttered by him or witnessed an action that made me say that he was striking or desired to strike below the belt. He would give good hard knocks, but there was no treachery in his make-up. His communications were yea, yea, and nay, nay. And I am glad to say, after some length of service in this House, that that is the rule and not the exception.

He was here; he is absent. The Master said on one occasion, "Let the dead bury the dead." If I understand what that means, it is that when the life is gone—born, living, dying, less than forty years upon the average—it is that there is no time for the past except as we may benefit by it in walking in the present and prophesying as to the future. Nothing short of infinite power can call him back. That infinite power never has been exercised from the beginning, and never will be. The human animal moves under fixed law, as all matter is under fixed law.

This man, a moving and ambitious man, achieved his place—printer, journalist, soldier, statesman, and all comprehended in the word "man." A hundred years from now, yes, fifty years from now as men pass back in the lobby and see the portraits of ex-Speakers and point out one after another and say, "Where did he come from?" as we do of some of the portraits now; in fifty years, and no man can mention the names of members of this Congress. Then some one may say, "Why do we strive to perform our duty?" Because we are part and parcel of the sovereign force of a free people. We believe in our race. The product of those races of people that have evoluted, worked out their own salvation, each generation achieving an advance and the next generation holding that advance and going a day's march farther on.

I think Mr. CUMMINGS, from conversations with him, but more particularly from his actions, realized what I have spoken of. He had pride that he belonged to that race, and made his contribution to the general good, and was content, as I think we all are, after having thus contributed, to depart in peace, feeling while we will be swallowed up by the great majority and our individuality be forgotten, yet we have contributed our respective mites to the advancement and achievements of that race to which we belong.

But what of the other side of the river? Revelation and faith tell us that we will not cease to exist. We enjoy the universal desire that is to be found in each human unit from the beginning of the race to the present time for the life beyond this life. The universal protest against extinction is the strongest kind of evidence that our respective individualities are not to be wiped out. And without repeating the words or recollecting the poet, but somewhere in my reading, here or there, I recollect some poem, I think entitled "Night," and the central thought, beautifully expressed, was that as the sun disappears behind the horizon the stars and the glories of the heavens appear; and we all have the faith that with death the individuality remains and the glories of space appear; and all hope and believe that somewhere in the great beyond, under universal law, as it has been from the beginning, we will each one continue to achieve the place in the infinite existence that we are entitled to occupy.

I trust when I shall cross the dark river that I may arrive at that place in space or condition where I will meet such men as AMOS J. CUMMINGS and men with whom I served who crossed the river—Samuel J. Randall, William D. Kelley, Benjamin Butterworth, S. S. Cox, and many others that I could name—and in such condition I shall be glad and content.

Mr. SULZER. Mr. Speaker, the recent sad and untimely death, in the city of Baltimore, of our lamented colleague, AMOS J. CUMMINGS, was a grievous blow to his sorrowing and bereaved family, a terrible affliction to his innumerable friends in every walk of life throughout the entire land, and an irreparable loss to the country which he loved so well and for so many years served so faithfully.

For a long time, sir, I knew Mr. CUMMINGS intimately and personally, and I loved him with an affectionate regard like unto that of a brother. We had for years been warm friends socially and politically, and his unfortunate death affected me with an inexpressible and poignant grief. Sometimes I can hardly realize that dear old AMOS, as we loved to call him, is with us no more; that he is gone—forever. But the sadness of his taking off teaches us that life, after all, is fleeting and transitory, and that one by one we pass away and beyond—over to the great majority—to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Life here at most is but a day—from dawn to darkness. Let us, then, on this solemn occasion resolve so to live that when the inevitable summons shall come we will be prepared and answer, "Ready."

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. Speaker, AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a man of brain and brawn—a true type of ideal American manhood. He was no ordinary man, he had no counterpart, he was sui generis. He had a genial nature, a companionable disposition, a sunshiny manner, a happy faculty of making others happy, and withal a lovable character. he was a child of our free institutions, eminently a self-made man, and the true architect of his own career. He was the friend of the rank and file, a sincere believer in the principles of Thomas Jefferson, and a Democrat in its broadest and most liberal sense. He loved the Union, gloried in the greatness of the flag, and was the eloquent friend of the soldier. He was a typesetter, a writer of ability, a man of parts, a true poet, and a lover of nature. He was a soldier, a pioneer, and a statesman, generous to a fault—a kindly, loyal, noble-hearted man upon whose like we shall not look again. His name was a household word in our land and, beyond doubt, he was one of the best-known men in our country.

He knew men and he was familiar with books. He was an industrious student, an untiring worker. He had, in the highest sense, journalistic talent, a quick sense of humor, a searching insight into truth, and a zest for news. He had a graphic style, an imaginative mind, and indefatigable energy. He saw things in their true light and his comprehensive mind grasped them and pictured them in a way that was as felicitous as it was original. In his death the press of the country lost a shining light and literature an ornament. If he had remained exclusively in the newspaper field, he would have stood at the head of the profession and long ago have been the editor of a great metropolitan daily, with all its honors and emoluments. But he liked public life and wanted to help his fellow-man. His record in Congress is familiar to us all, and it is an honest, noble, patriotic record that all his friends can now and ever hereafter point to with pride. It will be his most lasting monument, more enduring than marble or brass. But he will live, too, in the memory of his friends, of those who really knew him, of those who loved him, of the thousands whom he helped and benefited while living, of those he cared for, of the people whose servant he was, of humanity which he loved and for which he struggled all his life to raise to a higher plane and push forward a step in the onward march of civilization. These will not forget him; they will keep his memory green in thankful hearts and fond recollections forever and a day.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense
And doubles all its blessings.

Mr. CUMMINGS was one of the most delightful companions I ever knew, a raconteur, a genial friend, and an accomplished conversationalist. He was a man of infinite jest, and his spontaneous wit bubbled over. He could talk as entertainingly as he could write interestingly; but his heart was always with the poor and afflicted. He never failed to aid them and to comfort them. He knew the good old rule that one can only be happy by making others happy. He followed this rule. He believed in it. He did good for the sake of doing good. He helped thousands, sympathized with the oppressed, urged the toiler onward, stood for the higher civilization, and worked incessantly to make the world better and greater and grander. Col. John A. Joyce, of this city, wrote these beautiful and poetical lines about Mr. CUMMINGS when he died:

Happy, cheerful, loyal man,
Built upon the God-like plan;
Always doing something good
For his human brotherhood.
Memory, with her magic spell,
O'er the years shall fondly tell
How his glorious, active mind
Loved and wrought for all mankind.

It is indeed a beautiful stanza, a genuine tribute, sums up the life and work of Mr. CUMMINGS, and the words—grand words—should be inscribed on his tombstone and committed to memory by every friend he had. They are true of AMOS. He liked Colonel Joyce and Colonel Joyce liked him. They were boon companions for many years. They frequently met here in Washington, talked over the poets, and sang the old songs that will never die. No one in this city will miss him more than dear old Colonel Joyce, unless it be William R. Smith, of the Botanical Gardens, who would say of AMOS what Bobby Burns said of Highland Mary:

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early.

Mr. Speaker, AMOS J. CUMMINGS was born May 15, 1841, in Conkling, N. Y. Both his father and his grandfather were clergymen. His father was editor of the Christian Palladium and the Christian Messenger, and at 12 AMOS became an apprentice in the composing room. After gaining some experience, he left home and earned his own living as a compositor in Western and Southern cities. He often said he had set type in every State in the Union, and he never surrendered his membership ticket in Typographical Union No. 6. He remained a member of that famous type-setting union until his death.

While in Mobile in 1857 he joined the Walker expedition to take Nicaragua, which wound up in capture by the United States sloop of war *St. Mary*, now the school-ship of that name.

Upon his release he came to New York and entered the composing room of the Tribune. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Regiment. He became its sergeant-major, and for gallantry at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he received a medal of honor and the thanks of Congress. He returned from the war in time to help defend the Tribune office when it was mobbed during the draft riots in 1863.

Horace Greeley's attention was attracted to him by his returning to the composing room early one morning and putting in type a story of a fire without a line of "copy." Mr. Greeley placed him in charge of the Weekly Tribune in 1864, and subsequently he held nearly every editorial position on the daily edition. In 1869 he became managing editor of the Sun.

His health failing in 1872, he left New York to travel, and his correspondence over the signature of "Ziska," attracted world-wide attention. In 1876 he took charge of the New York Evening Express. He was twice president of the New York Press Club. He was elected to Congress by the Democrats in 1886. The following year he helped start the Evening Sun and became its editor. He declined a renomination to Congress in 1888, but in 1889 he was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of "Sunset" Cox, and, with a brief intermission following his defeat by Col. Richard G. Shannon, in 1894, he served continuously in Congress since 1889, representing New York districts. He was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions in 1892 and 1896.

Perhaps the most romantic period of the life of Mr. CUMMINGS relates to the time when he joined Walker in the last invasion of Nicaragua. It has not been settled in the minds of historians whether Walker was a freebooter or a patriot, but he lived a wild life, and it ended in a swift death. He had a motley, nondescript army, made up of adventurers from many countries and of all ages. CUMMINGS was then 17 years old, but had stood up against printers' cases for half a dozen years, and seen life in all parts of the United States. He often said he went with Walker because he imagined Walker was a new Napoleon, and that he (CUMMINGS) might rise to be one of his marshals. CUMMINGS, however, used to laughingly say that he never rose higher than the rank of high private.

Gen. William Walker is almost forgotten by the people of this generation, but forty-five years ago he was a conspicuous figure in the affairs of Central America and a live factor in the politics of the United States. As a filibuster Walker occupies a place in history as distinctly as any of the famous buccaneers of the last century. Walker was a young man, only 29, when he formed his scheme of conquest, and only 36 when he last saw the sun gleam along the gun barrels of his executioners.

In 1853, with a handful of men, he took possession of lower California, but was dislodged. He landed in Nicaragua with 56 men, half of whom were shot in the first battle for conquest. But he joined forces with a victorious native general, and was made commander in chief of the Nicaraguan army. Walker shot right and left, and proclaimed himself president of Nicaragua. Several times he was captured, but always released. At last—September 12, 1860—he was tried by court-martial and shot.

Mr. CUMMINGS had for comrades on the Walker expedition Englishmen fresh from Sebastopol, Hungarians who had bled under Kossuth, red-shirted Italians who had ridden behind Garibaldi, and Indians who were descended from Toltecs and Aztecs. Mr. CUMMINGS frequently chanted, to the delight of his friends, the song of the filibusters, as follows:

How would you like a soldier's life
On the plains of Nicara-goo?
Marching away and fighting all day,
Nothing to eat and as much to pay;
We do it all for glory, they say,
On the plains of Nicara-goo.
Not a bit of breakfast did I see,
And a dinner was all the same to me;
Two fried oats and three fried rats
Was a supper at Nicara-goo.
Marching away and fighting all day,
Nothing to eat and as much to pay;
We do it all for glory, they say,
On the plains of Nicara-goo.

To tell the story of Mr. CUMMINGS's life, so romantic and exciting in his youth, so full of interest during all his years, so active at all times, so crowded with telling work, stirring events, and crowned with so many successes and so many enduring achievements—to tell this story, I say, would fill a large book and then be incomplete.

Some day his biography will be written—written by a clever pen and with a loving heart. He was always aggressive and progressive, untiring, and enterprising. He met Napoleon's test—he did things. He had convictions and he adhered to them tenaciously. He had a mind of his own—no one owned him. He was as loyal to his principles as he was steadfast in his friendships. He had moral courage—he knew the right and he dared to do it. He never faltered in a just fight. He had the rectitude of the rocks, the consistency of the tide. His gallant nature and chivalric spirit was enlisted at all times—

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

Mr. Speaker, AMOS J. CUMMINGS died at the zenith of his greatness, in the sere and yellow leaf, in the floodtide of his fame, in the late autumn of his active and exciting life, crowned by the glory of his many accomplishments, loved by all who knew him and by thousands and thousands who only knew of him. He had fought the good fight, he had kept the faith, he had run his course, he has gone to his eternal home and will be with us here again no more; but his memory lives and will ever abide with us and live so long as gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
His silent tent is spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The grandeur of its dead.

Tenderly and lovingly we carried him to his final resting place amid the green, the beautiful, and everlasting hills of New Jersey. There he sleeps under a magnificent mausoleum in the dreamy garden of the dead, perfumed with roses red and white, fragrant with wild flowers, and odoriferous with the breath of apple blossoms, this true American, this friend of mankind, this man who carved his own way in life from 12 to 61—this history maker and historian, this writer, orator, soldier, and statesman—he sleeps, and all his friends here and everywhere with one acclaim proclaim—AMOS, hail and farewell!

Mr. MCCALL. The House honors itself in pausing to-day to pay tribute to the memory of one who had for so long a time been among its most conspicuous and successful members. AMOS J. CUMMINGS was trained in a hard and exacting school—a school which, while it may mercilessly crush out the weak, will kindle and animate the strength of the strong. The early and constant coping with difficulties imparted a keen edge and temper to his fine faculties and made them vigilant, dexterous, and yet more powerful. He owed much also to the special culture he received in his chosen work of journalism. With his noble endowments nobly employed, he became the master of a striking style of speaking, a style full of epigram, of wit, of argumentative force, and of manly strength. There was little literary deadwood or rubbish in his speeches.

They were not loaded with fine words nor with artificial periods; but with an unerring instinct for the vital point, he struck, and struck hard, at the substance of the controversy. The form of his speech was simple, direct, and almost faultless in its taste. During my term of service here I saw few of our members who I thought were so inspiring and forceful in running debate as he was when at his best. He was a strong party man, yet he put country above party, and more than once have we seen him swing his formidable battle-ax against his own party when he believed it to be in the wrong.

His allegiance was first and always to the splendid institutions of his country and to those just and equal principles which hold out hope and opportunity to the millions of poor American boys of the future, as they had held out hope and opportunity to him. He was the constant friend of those who earn their bread in the

sweat of the brow, and his profound sympathy was with the producer rather than with the manipulator of the nation's wealth. When he departed from our midst his profession lost a brilliant member, his constituents a courageous, faithful, and a devoted Representative, and his country a strong, a loyal, and a patriotic son.

Mr. MEYER of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, the death of the Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS was to me a shock and a surprise. He seemed so full of active life and natural vigor that I could not conceive the idea of his passing away from us, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. His sudden death is an admonition to us all how frail is our tenure of life and how uncertain is the number of our days upon earth.

I had known him for many years—since the memorable meeting of the Fifty-second Congress and amidst the exciting incidents of that period. He entered upon the Naval Committee at the same time that I did, but was senior to me by reason of previous Congressional service, and soon rose to rank as senior Democrat upon the committee. In the Fifty-third Congress he became its chairman. He took the liveliest interest in all the work of the committee, both in the committee room and on the floor of the House. Together with our other colleagues, I derived great advantage from his labors and his intelligence and zeal. We might differ at times upon some minor detail, but our general views were in accord. Both of us labored as strongly as we could for the increase of the Navy, in a degree proportioned to the wants and strength and glory of a great country. His services upon this floor in that regard are within the memory of us all and will not be soon forgotten.

Mr. CUMMINGS's career was a varied one. He was a soldier, a journalist, and a politician, and in all these different functions, so widely variant, he bore well his part. I do not propose to speak of his life in detail, because that has been done by abler tongues than mine. But passing over any notice of his military career, we find him entering upon the work of journalism under Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. To win the approbation of two such men, who were unquestionably among the ablest and most accomplished journalists of this country, was no common test of merit, and yet Mr. CUMMINGS had the confidence and respect of both. I am not familiar with all the details of his journalistic career, but it is a matter of notoriety that his articles, his communications to the press, possessed the highest literary value.

Probably no better journalistic work was ever done than that which he rendered in his department in the New York Sun. His descriptive letters were something that could not be surpassed. At a later period, and when he became a member of this House, he did not entirely relinquish his journalistic work, but performed a very large amount of it in addition to his legislative duties. Now, it is a very rare thing for a successful journalist to make a successful politician and man of affairs. Many men succeed in the one rôle who are not able to succeed in the other. Mr. CUMMINGS had already greatly distinguished himself as a newspaper man. He not only showed great capacity as a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs and his general treatment of public questions, but he showed remarkable power as a debater on this floor. If not a graceful, he was a very strong and impressive speaker. He could seize the strong points of a question and present them with great force from his own point of view. He was one of the most forceful and effective speakers on the floor in regard to the work of his committee.

The most striking feature, however, of Mr. CUMMINGS's late career was his wonderful grasp of the business of the House and of the influences which go to shape legislation. Probably no man ever came to the Congress who seized more intuitively upon the mode in which its business was conducted and was better able to exhibit it in his articles for the press. A foreigner or student anxious to understand the House of Representatives, its conduct, administration, and methods of business as it is now conducted, could not do better than to read Mr. CUMMINGS's letters and articles upon that subject. Many of those articles were largely devoted to personal notices of the gentlemen who served in the House as his contemporaries. His treatment of these gentlemen in his articles was always kind; while critical and discriminate, they were unusually generous. It would be hard to find anyone who has dealt more generously with his associates of both parties on the floor than Mr. CUMMINGS. I do not suppose that he left on this floor a personal enemy behind him. Certainly there is not one of us who in this hour does not mourn his untimely end.

Mr. CLARK. Mr. Speaker, Gen. James A. Garfield uttered a great truth when he said "There is no place on earth where a man will more certainly or more speedily reach his true level than in the House of Representatives."

It may be confidently asserted that a mean man can not climb high here. He must possess genuine merit, unquailing courage, lofty patriotism, spotless honor, and generous heart to win the esteem of his fellows.

Most of us are partisans, but it is my honest opinion that all of us are patriots according to our lights. Sometimes the light is dim and flickering, but we do the best we can.

We fight each other vigorously—sometimes bitterly and in an unseemly manner—not because any member is against the country, but because of the truth enunciated in the old saying, "Many men of many minds," and because we take different views as to what is best for the country, for it is absolutely true that he serves his party best who serves his country best.

To the honor of human nature be it said that members of this House are jealous of their reputation and earnestly strive to preserve their honor bright as the spear of Achilles or the plowshare of Cincinnatus.

Rarely indeed does it happen that our contests here engender permanent personal animosities. Men who fight each other the most fiercely frequently come to be the best of friends. None escape without scars, but few, few suffer from festering wounds.

The big aisle of the House which separates us politically does not, thank God, constitute the line of demarcation in personal friendships.

We are ranked as mere politicians now, but, reading the future by the past, we have the abiding consolation of knowing that some of the politicians of this generation will be accounted statesmen by succeeding generations. Most of us are headed for oblivion, some for earthly immortality; but whithersoever we are tending, one thing all of us, great and small, can do, and that is to bravely, industriously, and resolutely discharge our duty as God gives it to us to see our duty.

To AMOS J. CUMMINGS this House paid the unusual tribute of a public funeral in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the rare honor was well bestowed. He was one of the most useful and most popular men that ever sat within these historic walls.

None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise.

Wherefore? Because he loved everybody. He spoke evil of no one. With his friendly pen he made the fortunes of many public men. He was a most felicitous writer, and he delighted to write of their excellencies, which he magnified even as a lover magnifies the charms of his sweetheart.

"Remember me at my best" is the pathetic request which Charles Dickens, of blessed memory, puts into the mouth of James Steerforth when bidding farewell to David Copperfield. AMOS CUMMINGS always painted his friends at their best, and he did it with a master hand. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of St. Paul's rhapsody on charity, in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." If there was any virtue or grace or ability in a man, he sought it out and exploited it to the utmost. A dullard he pitied; a rascal he loathed; a pretender he despised. He was an explorer after human talents, and sometimes made discoveries of intellectual riches of which their possessors even had never dreamed. To new members he was a helpful friend, philosopher, and guide.

He was brave as a lion, gentle as a woman, plain as an old shoe, honest as the day is long, tireless as the force of gravitation, energetic as a steam engine, faithful to his conceptions of duty as the needle to the pole. He stood unabashed in the presence of Presidents and of princes. He was easily accessible to the humble, the needy, and the distressed.

His funeral services in New York were attended by statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, editors, and men of high degree; but the lowly were there in thousands with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts for their dead champion, who never failed them in any emergency. In the very best sense he was "the friend of the people;" and the people—the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call them—repaid that friendship in Scripture measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over.

The most convincing proof of his popularity is that he was spoken of, thought of, and addressed as "AMOS" from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Only on exceptional and state occasions was he talked of or written about or addressed as "Mr. CUMMINGS" or "Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS." He was always "AMOS" to his friends—and his friends constituted newspaper-reading America—and "AMOS" he will remain to us who loved him and mourn him until we are summoned to the presence of our Maker.

A worker all his days, he enjoyed this glorious world with the hearty zest of a boy, and the world enjoyed him. It is a more delectable place for human habitation because he lived in it. He was broad gauged in both politics and religion. A Republican House voted him a public funeral, although he was a Democrat,

and a distinguished Catholic prelate participated in his funeral services, although he was a Protestant.

Some men are created to be honored; some are created to be loved; a few are created to be both loved and honored. To that small but goodly company AMOS J. CUMMINGS unquestionably belonged.

He did not confine his love to the human family, but it embraced all "animated nature," to borrow Oliver Goldsmith's phrase. He loved the lower animals; he loved the birds; he loved the flowers. One of his keenest delights was to throw off the cares of statesmanship, lay down his facile pen, and while away a few hours with his bosom crony, Hon. William R. Smith, Superintendent of the National Botanic Gardens, in luxuriating amid the flowers and shrubbery which Shenstone would have admired, and in discussing "sweet Robbie Burns," the tenderest poet that ever sang. There was no sincerer mourner at the bier of AMOS CUMMINGS than his faithful and intimate friend, Superintendent Smith.

What a wonderful and varied career this lovable man had! Son of a Presbyterian preacher, he was the child of the manse. While a mere boy he served under Walker in Nicaragua. Congress voted him a gold medal for heroic conduct on the awful field of Fredericksburg. He boasted that he had set type in every State in the Union. He became the editor of a great paper. He was the intimate friend of Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. He died one of the most popular men in public life, mourned by a mighty nation. "He went about doing good," and little children cried in the streets when they heard that he was dead.

The consuming passion of this man's soul was a noble love of country. He fought for her in his young manhood and periled his life that the Republic might live. In his mature years he gave her the full measure of his devotion as a legislator. He died, as no doubt he wished to die, in the service, with the harness on his back. Typesetter, filibuster, soldier, editor, statesman—in all his vocations and avocations he followed the Scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

No truer friend, no nobler man, no intenser patriot ever lived or died.

One can not think of AMOS CUMMINGS without recalling Leigh Hunt's famous poem:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd.
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Mr. DAYTON. Mr. Speaker, the simplest words convey the truest tribute. We knew AMOS J. CUMMINGS, and, having known him, we loved him in life and cherish his memory now that he has gone hence.

If any shall ask why this is so, we have many reasons to give. Above all, because "he was true to himself, and it therefore follows, as night the day, that he was not untrue to any man."

He sought never to sail under false colors, never to "assume an unwonted dignity," never to be greater than he was, never, on the other hand, "in mean humility" to be less. He had executed, to a degree, at least, the old Greek philosopher's command, "Know thyself," and thereby had acquired the touchstone of human wisdom.

He did naught to extenuate his faults, nor did he magnify his virtues. Wherever he was—at his printer's case, in the tented field, in this House, or in the presence of royalty—he was always AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

He envied no man his rank, his honors, his station in life; he trusted himself to hew out his own. He denied to no man the exercise of his judgment and the right to express his own opinion; he suffered no man to prevent him from exercising his own judgment and expressing his own opinion. Then, too, Mr. Speaker, he thought broadly, deeply, kindly of the problems of human life.

In the mad rush for wealth he did not join, because I am persuaded he early in life realized that there was more in human heart than human gold. He never sought the rôle of reformer, because he perceived that the world's standard of morality was not made nor could it be changed in a day. Yet he was tender and true, and in perfect accord with great humanity's longing for a broader, freer, nobler, and more generous life. They tell us touching stories now that he has gone of his goodly deeds of charity, but, verily, "he did not his alms before men to be seen of them, and, behold, all things are clean unto him."

He was not alone generous in material things, he was generous in mind and soul. He loathed injustice, and stood the ready champion of the lowliest victim of oppression and wrong.

Coming from the great middle class, the bone and sinew of our race, he never lost touch with its environment, and thus it is that so many of the army of toilers stood by him, trusted him, loved him.

In labor's lodge, in soldier's post, in this House, he was brother and comrade.

Again, he was fair. Strong in his convictions, earnest in his zeal, plain and outspoken, partisan at times, he was always just, and no man would more quickly admit his error. Surely no one can charge him with ever indulging impotent opposition, with "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," so much indulged in this weary world. He never talked here for the mere sake of hearing himself talk, but when occasion demanded plain words he never shrank from uttering them.

Of his long record of service to his country as journalist, soldier, citizen, statesman, others here can and will speak with eloquence I can not command.

Mine is a simple tribute to the memory, to the personal character, to the worth of one with whom I walked side by side for seven years in the discharge of like public duty, involving hard, exacting toil, the extent of which is little understood, but in which he neither flinched nor failed. One with whom I often disagreed yet never doubted; with whom I spent long hours in both work and recreation and never found either dull or disagreeable; one, in short, who, as the years went by, made stronger and stronger claim to full entrance into the very limited circle of friends that one will find true in life and who he can "grapple with links of steel."

It is the destiny of life, Mr. Speaker, that in its mad rush from time to eternity we meet, we greet, we dismiss each other like—

Ships that pass in the night
And hail each other in passing.

We come, we go. We indulge the hopes, the desires, the loves, the ambitions of life, and we suffer its passions, its mortifications, and its defeats.

At last we die, and those remaining neither pause, nor, in most cases, either know or care to know of our departure.

Think in this batter'd caravanserai
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his pomp
Abode his destin'd hour, and went his way.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,
Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd
As buried once, men want dug up again.

It is the irony of fate, the destiny of life, yet some few there are so near to us that we would not have them go; gone, would call them back; whose departure we do not forget. We still "miss the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still."

To some of us AMOS J. CUMMINGS was of this number. There is an impenetrable mist that now shuts his face from us. We see him no longer in these Halls. We miss him from the old familiar seat on the middle aisle; he comes no longer to the committee room.

He faced death's cloud veil unflinching, calm, and brave, and stepped through it to the beyond. May we not hope that after we, too, have penetrated that veil, that somewhere in the halls of eternity, somewhere in God's committee rooms, we shall meet him face to face, hear the old familiar greeting, and strike glad hands with him again?

Mr. GOLDFOGLE. Mr. Speaker. on this sad occasion, when the chosen representatives of a great people and a mighty nation are assembled in this historic Chamber to fitly honor the memory and appropriately pronounce their eulogies on the life and character of the distinguished dead, I deem it a privilege to pay my humble tribute of profound respect to the memory of our late colleague AMOS J. CUMMINGS. It was my pleasure to have known him for many years, and the mournful news of his "untimely taking off" came to me with feelings of deepest sorrow, for in his departure I lost a true and valued friend.

The grief that followed the announcement of his death was not the sad possession of his colleagues, his many friends, and devoted constituency alone, it was felt by the people in general of the metropolis he so worthily represented in Congress for many

years—the city of New York. Nay, more, when the news of his death was flashed over the wires and heralded through the columns of the press, the entire country felt and recognized the great loss it had sustained, and in many of the cities and towns throughout the land there was universal mourning. Few public men were more widely or better known throughout the Republic than AMOS J. CUMMINGS. None were more highly esteemed. He had traveled extensively and spoken on public questions in every section of this country.

Few men had a larger circle of personal friends than he. He was universally beloved, because he was essentially a man of the people, not in the sense alone in which that phrase is used to indicate the elected representative of a community, but in the broad sense of indicating that his acts were directed toward the welfare of the state, the happiness of his fellow-creature, the betterment of the conditions of his fellow-man. His voice was potentially uplifted and his masterly pen he wielded with so much power was employed in the cause of human liberty and equality. At all times and in all places he stood for the rights of the masses of the people against the classes who sought special privileges for the few at the expense of the many. He never hesitated to espouse the cause of the weak and oppressed when they needed protection against the strong and the unjust. Ever remembering his early struggles in life, he generously assisted those who needed and deserved the helping hand, and kept in close touch with the men whose labor and industry contribute to the upbuilding of the Republic.

He was a sincere champion of organized labor, and, looking at the labor problem from an economic standpoint, believed, as did one of our great statesmen of former days: "Taxation reaches down to the base; but the base is labor, and labor pays all." There was but one nobility he respected and recognized—the nobility of labor and of character. His heart was touched at the story of every woe, and beat with the best impulses of a pure and noble nature. No wonder, then, that our dear friend AMOS, as we familiarly called him, became enshrined in the affections of the people.

His career furnishes the most beautiful and touching lesson to the youth of America. The history of his life exemplifies in the strongest degree that in this God-blessed "land of opportunity" however lowly or humble one's origin may be he may rise to the highest rank and attain the most exalted station. But it can only be by honest industry, earnest study, and patient toil.

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Mr. CUMMINGS's life was both eventful and interesting. His education was mainly self-acquired. He had the mind of a genius. He had marvelous capacity for learning and power of absorption of all he read. Few men excelled him in the extent and variety of his reading, and he acquired through his industrious study a knowledge of the classics. His was another case which furnishes justification for the remark of Wendel Philips, "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living."

At the early age of 12 years, after leaving school, young CUMMINGS entered a printing office as an apprentice. Hardly had he learned his trade when, filled with love of martial adventure, he joined the Walker filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, and returning from that entered the service of the Army in defense of the Union. In this, as in all other fields of activity, he became distinguished. He was a brave and gallant soldier. A heart burning with intense patriotism led him to the field, and devotion to the cause of the Republic founded on the eternal and immutable principles of right and justice led him on to deeds of bravery and heroism. He became sergeant-major in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Regiment of Infantry, in the Second Division, Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and his bravery gained for him the Congressional medal of honor for gallantry on the battlefield.

He followed up the occupation of compositor in the composing room until he secured editorial positions on the New York Tribune, the New York Sun, and New York Express. No man but one whose merits deserved it and whose learning was broad and deep could fill such a position on these great and splendidly edited newspapers.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS had acquired this learning—nature had gifted him with great mentality. His literary tastes and accomplishments fitted him for the editor's chair, and he became the editor of that great and enterprising newspaper, the Evening Sun. He was a journalist of high order, and his fame in the line of literary work became widespread through the United States. I remember the series of most interesting letters Mr. CUMMINGS wrote for the Sun descriptive of his travels through the South, attracting the attention of readers everywhere.

Without knowing the life history of this man one could hardly believe, as he read the articles and literary productions of this noted and brilliant journalist, filled with wisdom and scintillating with wit, that the writer had not received his education in some of the colleges or universities of the land. Indeed, our friend AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of the intellectual giants of modern journalism.

Fully equipped by nature, by training, and by education to enter upon the higher duties of public life, he was chosen a member of the Fiftieth Congress and elected seven times a member of this House. Here over fourteen years he served the country with honor, credit, and marked distinction. He was fully versed in the science of politics—the politics which in the higher sense means the shaping of governmental policies and by wise and sagacious legislation planning for the future destiny and the perpetuation and maintenance of our free and glorious American institutions. He was a statesman, with an eye solely and singly for the public weal.

A thorough believer in the doctrines taught by Thomas Jefferson, a consistent believer in the necessity to preserve simplicity in our institutions, an earnest advocate for the broadest and greatest amount of personal liberty for the citizen consistent with public safety, an opponent of burdensome and unnecessary taxation of the people, a foe of combinations of men and corporate interests who seek through evasion of law and improper control of public franchises and by special privileges to monopolize commerce, "the calm health of nations," and crush out the average trader and middleman, a believer that our liberties can be best preserved, our citizens' rights best conserved, and our sovereign prerogatives best maintained by a firm adherence to the letter and spirit of our Constitution and an observance of the restrictions and limitations it imposes—AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a consistent and loyal adherent of his party.

Of his public services in this House during the many years he graced this Chamber by his presence I shall not speak in detail. Those of my seniors in service in this House have eloquently spoken of them and covered that chapter of Mr. CUMMINGS's Congressional career. He was painstaking in his work, brilliant and logical in debate, broad and liberal in his views, strong of opinion and conviction, but always genial and courteous to his colleagues. His death leaves a void which can not well be filled. His long public career was one of great usefulness to the people and the nation, for he was a strong arm in the power of the State.

He so lived his life that he had few, if any, enemies. Perhaps it is too much to say that he never had any, for that is not the happy lot of any public man.

> With fame, in just proportion, envy grows,
> The man that makes a character, makes foes.

But they were not personal ones. They could not be. The very nature, the very make-up of AMOS J. CUMMINGS precluded that. His amiable disposition, his affability, his gentleness, his modesty, and generous impulses were gifts of nature which neither art could create nor training bestow.

He had a rare fund of humor, and as a delightful story-teller he was unrivaled and unexcelled. His great desire was to make his friends and companions happy, and the good nature he carried into every walk of life made his company sought in every circle. Ever engaged in "sowing seeds of kindness" he discovered in life how true it is, as Basil says:

> A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy, reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally begets reward.

When at last the severe labors of his life had taxed his energies to the utmost and the icy hand of Death touched "its shining mark," there was indeed gloom within this Chamber, and the city from which he hailed mourned as it seldom mourns the loss of any public man. A great man had fallen—his death was the nation's loss.

It was an inspiring and affecting sight, which moved the stoutest heart to tears, to observe at the funeral of our friend CUMMINGS the hundreds and hundreds of letter carriers clad in their suits of gray, their faces betokening unfeigned sorrow, their eyes bedimmed with tears, passing in solemn procession around the bier of one who had faithfully espoused their cause in the National Legislature. With a pathos of feeling that beggars description they were paying their debt of gratitude to their departed friend. And oh, how those associates of CUMMINGS, the members of Typographical Union No. 6—that great organization of typesetters he loved so well, whose card of membership he carried to the last hour of his life—mingled their tears and breathed their sighs with those of other mourners.

It was this union to which AMOS J. CUMMINGS was so attached who honored the memory of their comrade—the man who to them was an inspiration and a light—as they never before honored one of their departed. It was the tribute of grateful, loving hearts, and as we saw the thousands of old and young, men, women,

and children sadly passing around the coffin taking their last yet lingering look at their departed friend, there can be no doubt that—

> The drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame
> Than shedding seas of gore.

His death again conveys the too oft forgotten lesson of the uncertainty of life. How inscrutible is the problem of death! It comes sudden and unawares, respecting no time nor person. It holds no time so sacred or precious, no mortal so great or powerful, that it does not make its grim approach.

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set—but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

Who can divine how suddenly he may be called away by "that stern reaper, who gathereth all in whenever in his wisdom he may appoint." Exhaustive mental labor may long overstrain and at last unexpectedly break the cords of life. But if we live, as did AMOS J. CUMMINGS, an upright and an honest life, filled with good and kindly deeds; if when the remorseless messenger summons us to the great white throne on high, we are prepared to say—"His will be done, not ours." We may add those beautiful words of the poet:

> Life! we've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
> Then steal away, give little warning:
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not "Good night;" but in some brighter clime
> Bid me "Good morning."

Mr. LESSLER. Mr. Speaker, it was my privilege—and after what we have listened to to-day it can well be imagined I am proud of it—to have Mr. CUMMINGS as one of my constituents; and it not having been my good fortune to know him in all these phases in which he has been depicted here to-day, I wish to strike a little note in regard to my first meeting with him.

During the campaign in my district last December, while this House was not in session, Mr. CUMMINGS came to lecture in that district. He gave one of his witty lectures, this one, strangely, on the House of Representatives, to one of the clubs of young men there. I was presented to him. It almost touched me to observe how carefully he avoided any reference to the political contest which we were then engaged in; how kindly he was in his encouragement, without the slightest allusion of the political aspect. It was to me a rare treat to feel that a man could be so tactful, so amiable about such a thing to one who was on the opposite side in the political fight.

And then some of you may remember his gracious act in this Hall on the 15th of January of this year, when I stood before the Speaker to take the oath of office and when Mr. CUMMINGS, with a Republican colleague, stepped to my side. Both these incidents impressed me as especially tactful and graceful. They were but illustrations, as I am told, of that grace and tact, of that loving nature, which made him so much beloved in this House.

In thinking over what should be said here to-day I have searched through the RECORD to see what particular thing might be found to which in this day of specialism Mr. CUMMINGS had particularly devoted himself; and I have found a most remarkable variety in the subjects he had touched on the floor of this House and always illumined—labor, pensions, the Army, the Navy, special interests of all kinds. He was always, it seemed to me from this testimony of the cold print, alive to everything that was going on here.

For instance, it seems that on the 3d of February, 1893, some member in debate had made a remark about the RECORD which did not suit Mr. CUMMINGS, because it appeared to him to do injustice. Keenly alive to the fact that men of his craft were night after night working on that RECORD, and knowing all about the work, he made a little speech in eulogy of the printer's craft and in vindication of the men who were toiling in that vocation. Even in this unpremeditated way Mr. CUMMINGS came at once to the rescue.

Viewing his character from an outside standpoint, I should say that courage was its predominant note. A reference has been made here to his medal of honor; but he had a civic courage, manifested as well in the city where we both lived as on the floor of this House.

In his great speech on Cuba, he said:

> Whenever the safety of the nation is at stake or any great purpose is to be accomplished by war, party lines should vanish and politics be suspended.

Those words are from his speech of April 28, 1898. And, by the way, it seems to me a pity that that speech on Cuba should not be rescued from the pages of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD and published broadcast. It was prepared after a trip in Cuba; and it is an intense, vibrant life picture of the conditions as he saw them. It is animated by earnest feeling for humanity suffering under Spanish misrule. The whole speech shows his splendid insight, his knowledge of men and measures; it is perhaps the finest survey, within its limits and compass, of the recent history of the Spanish rule (or, better, misrule) antedating the war.

On the 22d of January, 1902, Mr. CUMMINGS said in the debate:

> If I fail to vote to protect the lives of American soldiers in the service of the American Republic, I hope I shall be paralyzed.

When Mr. CUMMINGS uttered those words I was thrilled through with the terrible import that he threw into them, and the great significance they had as they came at the close of that memorable day.

The next day, when explaining to the House under what circumstances that little speech had been made upon the spur of the moment, he remarked:

> I made the reply on the spur of the moment, and when I reflect on it I glory in it. I have seen the sad faces of the American mothers whose sons were the victims of these miasmatic fevers; I have seen their tears and heard their moans. I would be untrue to every drop of blood in my body if I refused to respond to such an appeal for the protection of soldiers in the service of the Republic. It was an appeal on behalf of American women, whose sons are still fighting the battles of the Republic in these islands. I would blacken the Revolutionary blood coursing in my veins if I stabbed these American mothers to the heart by refusing to vote for this appropriation for the shelter and protection of their sons.

Again, in the same speech, he said:

> Rather than change it, I would have it inscribed in letters of gold where it could be seen by every man in the country. There can be no politics in questions where the lives of American soldiers are at stake. I always have and always shall vote to protect the lives of the men who are fighting the battles of the Republic, whether they are baring their breasts to the bullets of the enemy or whether they are encamped in swamps, exposed to the more insidious and more deadly danger of fever and pestilence.

That language was an ebullition of patriotism—keen, high-minded, deep-souled patriotism. I am proud of the fact that the great city of New York, the Empire City, honored itself by sending here such a man, with such a record, with such sentiments and ready to speak them out, with such a work behind him—a man leaving such memories as have been spoken of here to-day.

If I were to write an epitaph on AMOS J. CUMMINGS, I would put it in the words of the old Greek philosopher and would place it in letters of gold upon the monument of our deceased colleague. Aristotle, in his Politics, says:

> There are three qualifications which ought to be possessed by a man who aspires to fill the high office of state. First, he must be well disposed and prepared to support the established constitution of the country; next, he ought to have a special aptitude for the office which he filled; and last, he should have the kind of virtue and love of justice which suits the particular state in which he lives.

May I not say it fitted the man—that it epitomized his career, and may we not feel proud indeed of such a life, and may we not hope it to be an inspiration to the young men of this country that on such a day like this, devoted to the speeches in memory of him, may be the proudest reward he has had, because that is all the reward we can give and fittingly all that a republic gives.

Mr. HOOKER. Mr. Speaker, laboring as I am under a very severe cold, it was not my purpose when I entered the Chamber to speak on this occasion. But as a member of this House when my friend AMOS J. CUMMINGS was first elected to the Congress of the United States, and as one of those who welcomed him when there were giants on this floor on that side of the House and on this, so that when he landed in this arena of debate fresh from the bosom of the people that he represented, succeeding one of the ablest men that ever spoke in this Hall for the great Empire State of New York, a brilliant orator, a splendid wit who often won admiration on both sides of this Chamber, Samuel S. Cox, I did not feel that I could be properly entirely silent. I felt that it was my duty as one of the oldest members of the House to pay my very humble tribute of praise to one who has been my friend from the time he first entered Congress until he finally passed away.

It was my pleasure to know him well and witness personally his long service in Congress, to hear him on all occasions, and to stand side by side with the members of this House on either side and listen to the words of wisdom which fell in earnest and patriotic utterances from his lips in behalf of those whom he served so long and well.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a very remarkable man. He was a man of strong convictions, of earnest and patriotic feeling. He was a man who never failed to speak his sentiments, whatever they might be, and occasionally he had the manly courage, when he thought duty demanded it and patriotism required it, to sever his connection with his colleagues on this side of the Chamber and to vote according to his convictions of what was right.

Mr. Speaker, in the last speech he made in this House, only a short time before his death, he stood just on the margin of the Democratic side of the Chamber, and gave utterance to the sentiment of protecting the soldiers on the other side of the globe; not that he would have placed them there, not that he would have sent them there, but as they were American soldiers, enlisted in the American Army, fighting under the American flag,

he would cast no vote against a proposition to send them all the aid and all the comforts that they needed.

He was emphatically a Democrat, devoted to the party and its principles and its interests, but he was a humane American citizen, and he could not bear the idea of casting his vote against the proposition to send aid to the American soldier, wherever he might be, struggling under the American flag and in the cause of American patriotism.

It has been said, Mr. Speaker, by that great poet of nature whose magic wand swept across the chords of the human hearts and awoke sentiments with reference to every emotion that that heart undergoes from the cradle to the grave—it was said by that great poet—

That the weariest worldly life that age, ache, penury, and imprisonment can lay on nature is a paradise to what we fear of death.

But to a brave man like AMOS J. CUMMINGS that sentiment did not apply. A brave man dies but once, a coward dies daily.

He was a brave man, and when I came to Washington last summer, about this time of year, I learned that my old friend was here; that he was lying in his chambers in this city, then a very ill man.

I went to him to express my sympathy, to express words of comfort to him as a sick man. It was then about the 1st of July, one year ago. I saw then the probability was that he would never again be a well man. I was on my way to the city that he represented with such ability and such power in this House as the delegate of one of its Congressional districts. I said to him "I fear you will not be able to go to New York on the Fourth of July." Said he, "Yes; I am going. When do you go?" I told him that I was going on the 3d of July, and so I did. He asked me what route I would travel. I told him. He then told me that going by that route I would land at the foot of Liberty street.

I did land at the foot of Liberty street late in the evening, about dusk, and to my profound astonishment I saw AMOS J. CUMMINGS, my old friend, on his crutches, with his doctor standing by his side. I said to him, with the familiarity of that friendship which had existed between us for so many years, "AMOS, why in the world did you come here to meet me?" He replied: "I came because I knew you were coming, and I wanted you to be met and escorted to your hotel. I came myself and I know it is done."

He put me in the carriage, and we drove to the hotel, where he had provided accommodations for me. The next morning when I awoke in the apartments provided for me at his instance—I did not know to what hotel I had been taken—I looked out, to my astonishment, upon a beautiful grove. I said to myself, "This is a singular sight in the heart of the great city of New York. Is it possible that I am dreaming, and am again back looking at the native forests of my own State of Mississippi?" When the servant came I ascertained that I had been taken to the Savoy Hotel, belonging in large part to my old friend Judge Dugrow, now one of the most distinguished members of the highest appellate court in the city of New York, and I was looking out on the great Central Park, of New York. On the next day I met Mr. CUMMINGS at Tamany Hall. I there heard his magnificent address, as I have heard many of his speeches here, and he spoke there with the same patriotic ardor I had been accustomed to hear him here.

Mr. Speaker, it was my pleasure to be his companion and friend here for many long years, and I mourn his loss in common with the people whose immediate representative he was. He was distinguished on this floor as the friend of all the members of the various Houses in which he participated as a member, without distinction of party, from the first Congress in which he appeared, the Fiftieth, down to the time of his death. He was emphatically a man of the people, living with the people, speaking for the people, representing the people. He was a just and true man in every sense. He was a patriot in the broadest and largest sense. He was a Democrat in the most enlarged and comprehensive meaning of that word. That he was a just and true man will be acknowledged by everybody who served here with him. Indeed he rose to the standard described by the great Latin poet when he was endeavoring to depict, in the closing days of the Roman Empire, the life and character of one of the greatest orators of the Roman Empire, and said of him that he was—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non voltus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

There was no condition of life in which he was not equal to the emergency, because he was of the bravery of that Roman, so beautifully described by the ancient poet, and though I did not, Mr. Speaker, expect to say a word on this occasion, I have felt that, even though suffering as I do under a severe cold, it is my duty, as it is my pleasure, to pay my tribute to the honorable friend with whom I sat in this Chamber for so many years, and whom I learned to love as a brother.

How we shall all miss those weekly letters in the Washington Post, giving pen pictures of all the members of the House, from our Speaker to the last name on the roll, including members on both sides, and written in such a lofty spirit of justice and truth and kind-heartedness.

### EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE OTEY.

Mr. JONES of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, late a member of this House from the State of Virginia, and in pursuance of the order of the House heretofore made, the business of the House be now suspended to enable his associates to pay fitting tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That as an additional mark of respect at the conclusion of these exercises the House do adjourn.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. MCCLELLAN). The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. JONES of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, death is an unwelcome messenger, but none comes more surely, none comes with a summons more imperative. The messenger, though expected, generally arrives unexpectedly. To each of us he is destined to come, and none of us who have arrived at the years of understanding have any hope of escaping service of the final summons, which all must obey; but we are prone to delude ourselves into a semblance of belief that the stern messenger will not arrive for many days or years, even when every known signal of physical distress heralds his coming and beckons him to make haste.

Familiar as we are with death, and often as the summons which he bears comes to friend and foe all about us, we are startled and shocked as one after another of the children of our Heavenly Father goes hence, to return no more forever. Particularly is this true when the stricken one is bound to us by the strong ties of kinship or by the almost equally strong tie of friendship.

Thus it was that when the announcement of the death of Major OTEY came so unexpectedly I, with hundreds of other friends, felt the shock of a personal loss, and shared the grief which the sudden taking off of a dear friend ever brings. And now, on this day set apart for the paying of our tributes to the memory of the deceased, with mingled feelings of sorrow that he has gone from among us and pride that while here the ties of a warm friendship brought us close together, I would utter a few words concerning the good man who lately was our colleague upon this floor, and who now we fain would believe has his place in a higher sphere of service.

PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was born in Lynchburg, Va., December 22, 1840, and died there on Sunday, May 4, 1902. He came of a distinguished Virginia family on both the paternal and maternal sides. The father was John M. Otey; the maiden name of the mother was Lucy W. Norvell. His grandfather, John Otey, won distinction in the Revolutionary war, fighting for the rights and the liberty of the colonies.

Major OTEY was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, from which he was graduated July 1, 1860. To the profession of civil engineer he determined to devote himself, and at once upon graduation he obtained employment with the engineering corps upon the Virginia and Kentucky Railroad, under the direction of Claudius Crozet, a most distinguished and accomplished civil engineer. But the great war between the States soon began, and young OTEY entered the army, to battle in defense of the South, and particularly of his beloved Virginia. His education at a military institution second only to West Point had prepared him well for this titanic war, where American was to meet American in deadly conflict, and where the highest military qualities of the greatest people on earth were to be illustrated in scenes of awful grandeur.

Major OTEY enlisted in the Fifty-first Virginia Infantry, with which he served until promoted to major of the Thirtieth Virginia Battalion. In the summer and autumn of 1861 he saw active service in southeast Virginia, in the Kanawha Valley, where his commander was Gen. John B. Floyd, an uncle of his wife. He was at Fort Donelson, whence, with most of Floyd's command, he escaped just before the surrender and when the choice was between surrender and a desperate effort to escape that fate by breaking through the lines of the besiegers. He also distinguished himself upon the bloody field of Shiloh, where the great Southern chieftain, Albert Sidney Johnston, fell, dying with victory in his grasp, his untimely death, however, robbing the Confederacy of its chief fruits.

Later Major OTEY saw much hard service with the Army of

Northern Virginia. He fought under Breckinridge, Loring, Longstreet, Early, and Lee; helped to defend his native city against the invading Federal army under Hunter; commanded Wharton's brigade at the celebrated battle of Cedar Creek, in October, 1864; was severely wounded at Newmarket, where the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute fought with a steadiness and valor that would do honor to the finest veterans, many of them dying upon the bloody field, and many more leaving it maimed for life, youthful sacrifices offered upon the altar of home and Virginia.

After performing well his part until near the close of the war, on the 2d of March, 1865, Major OTEY was captured at Waynesboro and taken, a prisoner of war, to Fort Delaware, where he was held until after the end was reached at Appomattox. While at Fort Delaware he was a companion in misfortune with Charles F. Crisp, afterwards a distinguished Speaker of this House.

It is stated upon what I believe to be good authority that Major OTEY fired the first cannon discharged with hostile intent after Virginia passed the ordinance of secession, and it is also said that the shot he then discharged is the only one of all those fired from Sewells Point to take effect, this one striking a Federal vessel as it slowly moved up the river.

While the war lasted there was no soldier of the South more devoted to the cause in which he was enlisted or more resolute in the determination to fight to the end, no matter how great the odds in favor of the other side. But when the war was ended, no one was readier than he to accept the decision and make the most of the situation as he found it. At once he sought employment, that in the calm of peace he might do his full share in the mighty work of repairing as soon and as well as might be the ravages of war. His first employment was as a clerk in an express office in his native city. He had been educated as an engineer, and naturally he preferred a return to professional pursuits. Soon he went with General Mahone to the old Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad, and was one of the corps which surveyed the route from Lynchburg to Danville. Later he built the railroad from Lynchburg to Durham, N. C. Later still he organized an insurance firm, which bore and yet bears the name of Peter J. Otey & Co. He was also for a time engaged in the banking business.

For many years Major OTEY was active and influential in politics for the sake of the cause and to help his friends. Not until 1894 did he aspire to office. In that year he was elected to the House of Representatives as a member from the Sixth district of Virginia, taking his seat upon the assembling of the Fifty-fourth Congress. He was reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses, and, had he lived, would have been nominated without opposition and as certainly elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress. Through two exciting Presidential campaigns he ably represented Virginia on the national Democratic committee.

In Congress Major OTEY was known as a most industrious, obliging, efficient, and conscientious member. He grew upon the House, and his friends here, as in Virginia, were as numerous as his acquaintances.

Too much can not be said of the high character and many excellent qualities of this truly great man. I do not believe he had an enemy. I do not understand what manner of man it is who could be his enemy. He was generosity and kindliness and charity personified. He was a model of industry and a paragon in promptness and exactness. He had a place for everything, and everything that he touched bore evidence of his orderly methods and his thorough system.

He was a man of fine ability, and no atom of his ability or energy ever found unworthy channels or was directed to ignoble ends.

Major OTEY ranked high in the House, not only for his industry and probity and amiability, but also for his humor. He was one of the few real humorists in the Congress. Every one who was present when they occurred will recall his happy sallies. His humor was unadulterated. It pleased and soothed and cheered. It never wounded or exasperated. He was all sunshine and tenderness and charity, and his humor was as natural and as innocent and as charming as the laughter of children. It smoothed away the wrinkles that care brings, banished the clouds, let in the sunshine, and awakened in the soul the echoes of mumuring rills and the songs of the birds. How we miss the master artist of humor, now gone from among us!

Major OTEY had a great, never-failing, ever-present love for the old Confederate soldier. His soul swelled and his pride mounted as he recalled the heroism of the man in gray. His tender heart was melted as he thought of the privations, the sorrows, the sufferings of his companions in arms. He never was happier than in the company of the grizzled veterans of the lost cause. With generous hand he ministered to the needy, and with kindly touch and prayerful spirit he strove, oh, so gently, to bind up the wounds of the afflicted. Devotion to a common cause, community of effort, of endurance, and of suffering made all Confederates of kin to him—every one was his brother. They will miss him about the old camp fires; the weight of years and of infirmities will rest heavier upon many; to many there will be longer days of sadness and fewer hours of joy, now that the friend of them all is to help them and gladden them no more. He was the pupil of Stonewall Jackson; a son, loving and devoted, of old Virginia; deep in sympathy with all who make sacrifices, all who suffer—how could it be otherwise than that he would cherish the memories and love the survivors of the Confederacy?

But it must not be thought by those who did not know our dead friend, it could not be by any of those who did know him, that in his love and veneration for the South, and for the traditions and heroes of the South, he was lacking in devotion to the whole of our great Republic. No truer American ever lived. He was entirely void of sectional bitterness. For him there was no land but the United States. His love for the South was not unlike family affection, his love for the whole country was like unto the love of a friend, hardly short, indeed, of love for a venerated mother, whose chastisement is long since forgotten.

The tender relations between Major OTEY and his devoted wife, who remains to cherish his memory and mourn the loss of his delightful companionship, were rich in all of good and nobility that the marital union can yield. Not only were this husband and wife most devoted and most happy in their strong and enduring attachment, the one for the other, but Mrs. Otey was the trusted counselor and ever efficient helper of her husband in every work and every ambition.

Nor was this most excellent man anything short of the idol of his children, while for them his love ever flowed warm and free. Death indeed sought a shining mark when he aimed his unerring shaft at PETER J. OTEY, and out of a happy family, whose existence was sweetened by every gift of love and gentleness, has passed the head—the beloved of all and who devotedly loved all.

I can not deny myself the satisfaction to be derived from relating an incident in the life of Major OTEY, trifling maybe, according to the views of some, but in my judgment fairly illustrative of an admirable trait of character. Once, many years ago, as some of Major OTEY'S children were at play with some other children one of the youngsters, a negro boy, was bitten by a moccasin. The child screamed with pain and fright, and Major OTEY, who was at the house some distance away, ran to the little group to learn what the trouble was. They were in the country, and no physician or remedies near. Something must be done at once, or the little black boy would die. Major OTEY sent some one posthaste for a doctor, and then, with the heroism of a martyr and the charity of a saint, he took the black bunch of humanity into his arms, put the wounded little black finger into his mouth, and patiently, without thought of the danger to which he exposed himself—no; with full knowledge of the danger—with his own lips he drew from the snake bite the deadly venom. When the doctor came he declared that but for Major OTEY'S heroic deed the imperiled life could not have been saved. Of course the physician marveled at what had been done, but OTEY thought nothing of it. He had merely done what humanity dictated: done it without fear, for he knew not fear in the discharge of duty.

I knew Major OTEY before I met him as a member of Congress; knew him as a leading man of the old Commonwealth of our love and pride; but it was as a colleague here that I learned to know him well and to love him. To all of us he was the truest and the best of friends. He never thought of gain for himself at the expense of another. He was ever ready to serve his friends. His chief pleasure as a member of Congress was found in trying to do something for his fellow-members. In this service of love he freely crossed the great aisle which separates us in the House upon the lines of party. A most ardent Democrat himself, he numbered among his warm, personal friends many distinguished Republicans, and he was as generous in kindly deeds to the one as to the other.

I had for Major OTEY the affection of a brother, and it is one of the consolations of my life to believe that his affection for me was not less. He was a man in whom implicit confidence could be reposed. He never abandoned a friend nor betrayed a trust.

I entered the House as a member of the Fifty-second Congress. Among those elected to that Congress from Virginia was Gen. William H. F. Lee, favorite son of the immortal Robert E. Lee. Death claimed him before the time for the assembling of Congress arrived. Since I have been here Virginia has lost from her delegation Senator John S. Barbour, a noble representative of her best statesmanship; Sidney P. Epes, a lovable young man, taken in the spring and promise of manhood; Richard A. Wise, scion

of an illustrious family, a man of years and of experience, and PETER J. OTEY, to whose blessed memory we would this day pay just tribute. To this list may be added from the number of those whom Virginia sent to the Congress since I entered it, Smith S. Turner, Paul C. Edmonds, E. E. Meredith, and Gen. James A. Walker, each of whom died soon after leaving the House. I do not believe the mortality among Congressmen has been so great in the period mentioned in any other State of the Union as it has been in Virginia.

Major OTEY loved the Virginia Military Institute, from whose halls he departed with his graduation certificate just before the storm of the civil war broke upon the country. He looked forward with bright anticipations to a visit to the old institution at the June commencement, just passed. But it was not to be. He had seen historic Lexington for the last time. He had followed his famous preceptor, Stonewall Jackson, over the river, for the final rest in the shade of the trees.

I was one of the Congressional committee appointed to attend the funeral of Major OTEY, and never can I forget that sad day in Lynchburg. Business was suspended, universal grief had hushed the everyday stir of the busy marts where men strive in the contests known to commerce. The community followed to the tomb the remains of the citizen whom all loved, and of whom all were proud. Most touching was the picture made by the group of Confederate veterans assembled around the open grave. They had braved death often, had grown familiar enough with the dread presence to make sport of it. But there they were thoughtful and sad. The well-loved comrade and friend had gone from among them. Another tie, linking them to the past and binding them to the present, had been broken.

As we turned from the last resting place of our friend we paused to gaze once more upon the wealth of glorious flowers—nature's own offering, sweetened by the touch of lovely woman—piled high over the abandoned tenement of clay.

And so we left him asleep under the flowers.

Good bye, dear friend. Your life was sweet and noble, and sweet and ennobling memories of you will abide with us who knew you and who were blessed with your friendship until the day comes, be it near or far, for us to go the way you have gone.

Mr. JENKINS. Mr. Speaker, I can not permit this mournful occasion to pass without pronouncing some eulogy on the life of the late lamented PETER JOHNSTON OTEY.

We came to Congress together. This was our first acquaintance, but it ripened into a close friendship that continued unbroken until his untimely death. The attachment that grew between us was sincere, and I learned to respect his judgment and to confide in his wise and conservative counsel. I found Mr. OTEY a most companionable friend, and his association with me is a sweet memory as we pause here to pay the final tribute to his worth.

I have every reason to believe that he was a most courageous soldier. I certainly know that he was a wise and useful legislator. Possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, a good business man, broad minded, honest, and untiring, he made his mark in this House, as this mournful occasion so eloquently testifies.

There was nothing narrow nor selfish in his nature. His geniality, his conservatism, and his faithfulness in the performance of public duty shone conspicuously in his independence of thought and action and in the success that crowned his Congressional period.

We all painfully realize that his loss is national, and his coworkers on the floor of this House deeply mourn his sudden and untimely death.

I remember full well the last time I saw him. He came to our committee room to examine into matters of public interest, declaring that he was going home for a few days, and that on his return he would take up the many important matters demanding his personal attention. We little thought, Mr. Speaker, that death would interrupt the plans that he had matured by so suddenly summoning him to that bourne from which no traveler returns. Scarcely had he departed from this House when the news of his death reached and saddened us.

His time and attention were given to the discharge of his public duties with a faithfulness and assiduity that challenged our admiration. I shall always respect his memory, and in this solemn presence declare my faith in his honesty and capability.

His great aim was to do his full duty in the living present and to so gauge his action that it would have a beneficial effect upon the things of the future. He was modest in the discharge of his duties, unobtrusive, effectual, and engaging.

It can be said of the lamented dead that he was proud of his State and loyal to his country. While greater men have lived and died, few indeed surpass him in the even tenor of his way and in the modesty and cordiality that characterized him and adorned his public career. We have the right to measure a man by the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-citizens with whom he lived and for whom he had dedicated his life.

The entire populace of the city that he represented in this House gathered at his grave to do him honor and revere his memory. He is sincerely mourned by soldiers, public men, and his vast constituency. Brave men of both armies bowed in reverence over his fresh-made grave and testified by flowers and by tears the sense of loss so all pervading.

Mr. FLOOD. Mr. Speaker, the duty, or rather the privilege, of adding my humble tribute to the exalted character, the useful life, and the public services of my deceased brother is sadly congenial to my feelings, for in so doing I place a leaf upon the grave of a cherished friend.

PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was of an honorable lineage, and his family connection was large and influential. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South, and while he was a cadet at that institution the John Brown raid upon Harpers Ferry, that portent of the approaching storm of sectional strife, startled the South like the sound of a fire bell in the night. He marched with his fellow-cadets to the scene of the first hostile invasion of Virginia.

After his graduation in 1860 he engaged as a civil engineer in the business of railroad construction, but promptly upon the secession of Virginia he laid this aside to enlist in the defense of his native State. His first service was in the Western campaign that culminated in the sanguinary battle of Shiloh, after which he was in the infantry line of the army of northern Virginia to the close of the war, being severely wounded at the battle of Newmarket.

With the termination of hostilities he entered upon a business career which absorbed and engaged every faculty of mind and body until his election to Congress in 1894. In the insurance business, as a bank officer, and as railroad president he was signally successful. This could not but be so, since to a fine discriminating judgment, quick perception, systematic and methodical habits and scrupulous integrity he united an indomitable energy that was almost impetuous in its eager activity. He was essentially a business man. The conspicuously active and energetic community in which he lived did not possess a busier, brainier man. His name was the synonym of honor and uprightness, and no man ever enjoyed the confidence of a community in a higher degree than Major OTEY enjoyed that of the community in which he was born, had been reared, and had spent his life.

From earliest manhood he took a lively interest in public affairs, and actively participated in politics in the sense of being an ardent organizer and worker in all campaigns, local and general; but he never held an office until he was elected to Congress eight years ago.

He addressed himself to his duties as Congressman with the same zeal and assiduity which characterized his business career. His fidelity to his constituents in the prompt response to their letters and immediate attention to their wants and wishes was proverbial. In such estimation was he held by those whom he represented that there existed throughout his district a practical unanimity of sentiment in his renominations and returns to Congress.

In the maintenance and advocacy of his political convictions he was frank and fearless, but his candor was ever united with courtesy and due consideration for those who entertained conflicting views. The debates in this Hall have often witnessed his ready wit and happy humor. So genial were his manners and so cordial his intercourse with his associates, so earnest the advocacy of the measures he espoused, that few members were more successful in securing legislation they desired.

It is not, Mr. Speaker, upon this side of the Chamber only that the vacant chair will be regarded with sincere regret, for he had a place in the kindly esteem and affection of not only his personal and political friends here, but of many who held variant views from his upon the public questions of the day.

But neither his usefulness and fidelity as a Representative, nor his elevated character, nor his gracious and engaging manners could avail to ward off that summons which sooner or later is inevitable to all.

It came to him at the consummate hour of his existence. His ever rising and ascending life had attained the zenith where his vigorous intellectual powers had reached a ripe maturity, without as yet the least touch of decline.

So reluctant, sir, was he to obtrude his personal troubles and solicitudes upon others that few of even his closest friends were aware that he had for more than a year suffered from the malady to which he finally succumbed—succumbed so quietly and in such retirement from the gaze of the world that the announcement of his death was the first intimation that most of his friends and neighbors had that he was in a precarious condition.

While, therefore, Mr. Speaker, his friends were taken unawares, he was not. We may believe that often while he wore a cheerful exterior to his friends, he was wont

To listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread.

His end was comparatively painless, and found him in the unclouded possession of his mental faculties. There was no long and anxious watching by a bed of suffering; no slow decline; no gradual eclipse of the receding world, when

Unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

It came as doubtless he would have desired, for it found him with his house set in order as for the reception of a friendly guest.

May we, his associates in this Hall, so heed the lessons of his life that we shall be in like readiness when the insatiate archer shall aim his unerring shaft at us, and that each of us may in that supreme hour catch the song of rapt anticipation that fell upon the ear of dying Sintram:

Death comes to set thee free;
O meet him cheerily
As thy best friend;
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy sorrows end.

Mr. LANHAM. Mr. Speaker, there are always some peculiar and leading traits of character that mark the lives of mankind, some special and distinguishing features of disposition and conduct that predominate all others and serve to impress upon their associates the personalities of men, and on account of which they will always be particularly remembered by those who knew them. Frequently, if not always, after the death of our fellow-men we attach greater importance and more appropriate significance to these peculiar attributes than we do while they live.

It is somewhat strange, but nevertheless true, that we are prone to bestow greater credit upon and readier recognition of worthy deeds and virtuous characteristics after those who exemplified them have passed away. It seems that the due and impartial audit is only made up when the subject thereof has gone beyond the boundary where human commendation can reach. It would be better if we should cheer and strengthen one another with our approbation along the journey rather than to wait and stay our expression of appreciation until the end is reached.

In the life and conduct of Major OTEY there were discovered, in conspicuous degree, kindliness of heart, promptness to serve his friends and associates, and untiring industry. I believe he was the most accommodating member of Congress to his colleagues in the House, in all matters pending before the committees upon which he served, of any man I have known in this body. He always was ready to give his close personal attention, upon request, to the bills and measures in which others were interested, making their business and wishes his especial concern. He was never too busy nor self-absorbed to be indifferent to or neglectful of the affairs of his fellows.

He was uniformly polite and obliging, nor did he postpone his altruistic care and assistance to suit his own convenience. He was a man of usually grave demeanor, but at times the genial current of his soul rose high, and often his wit and merriment refreshed his companions. Who of us does not remember the recreation and diversion he afforded us? We all knew him well, and he was universally regarded with the kindest feeling. It was impossible when thrown into contact with him not to like him and be drawn to him. He had a kind word and a pleasant manner to everyone within the circle of his association.

We were shocked at the suddenness of his death. He had been designated by the Speaker as one of the funeral committee to attend the last sad rites of a deceased fellow-Congressman; but before he could render this solemn service he, too, was called away. We remember the unusual and striking circumstance, never before witnessed in the House, when three desks were covered with crape and flowers, and one of these was that of Major OTEY. How mysterious and inscrutable are the ways of Providence! How brittle the cord that binds us to life! How quick and sharp the ultimate summons cometh!

We all miss our departed colleague. We all deplore his death. His taking off is specially sad to his old comrades. Time and death are rapidly decimating the survivors of the awful conflict of the sixties in the last century, in which he bore an honorable part. The mortuary columns of the daily press are filled with the tidings of the passing away of veterans on either side, and the period hastens when there will none be left to relate from personal experience the story of that terrible struggle. When another decade shall have passed, it will be rare, indeed, if at all, to find an ex-Confederate soldier in public life. The rush of years and the pressure of later generations are pushing them into the shades of retiracy from official stations and life's activities, but their transition will not be unnoticed. "They shall not go without their fame."

The Southland can never afford to ignore or subtract from its records and history its chivalry and devotion, its sacrifice and suffering, its contribution to the upbuilding of its places made waste and desolate by war, when the arbitrament of the bayonet had determined the issues of the conflict, as exhibited in the worth and work of these men of undaunted courage and consecration to their convictions of duty. In war and peace they have ever been "where only men were wanted, and only men were found."

The winning side never lacks for champions. Triumph insures its own immortality; but the duty remains with those of us who yet survive, as it will with our posterity when we are all gone, to perpetuate and keep green the memory and manhood of the Southern heroes who dedicated their loftiest efforts and offered their lives to the cause of liberty and truth, as it was given to them to see it. The victories they have accomplished in subsequent peace are no less renowned than their valor on the field of battle; for they have demonstrated the highest qualities of American citizenship, and displayed the utmost devotion and energy in the reparation of the woes and wounds that ensued the civil war.

Major OTEY was a gallant soldier. His record in war is without blot or blemish. The testimonials of his immediate people concerning his merits as a citizen are spontaneous and abundant. Those who knew him best, his friends and neighbors, before whom he went in and out, and who were familiar with his daily walk, are quick to affirm his many virtues. All speak well of him, and their mourning over his death was universal. The large and sorrowful congregation that attended his obsequies attested the great esteem in which he was held at his home, while the tribute on that occasion from the pulpit to his splendid manhood was highly affirmative of his probity and purity of character.

It may be truthfully said of him that he was a good man, faithful in all his public and private relations, upright in his deportment, and promptly obedient to every call of duty. Whatever may be the limitation of the heritage in this world's goods that he has left to his family and descendants, he has bestowed upon them the imperishable treasure of his "good name, which is better than riches." His career is closed, his useful life is ended, he has discharged the last debt which all humanity must pay; let us hope that he is enjoying in a brighter, better clime the recompense of "the just made perfect."

Mr. HAY. Mr. Speaker, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave;" and yet one who treads those paths with honor to himself leaves behind him a name and an example which uplift the aims of men and make the world better because he has lived. PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was such a man. In defense of his country he won honors and distinction. His service in the army was typical of the man; seeking no high command, having no great rank, he yet impressed his personality upon superiors and inferiors alike, and did his duty effectively and with consummate gallantry. Beloved and honored by his comrades to the last day of his life, he has joined those in the great beyond who by his side wrought in that great strife "where the grapes were bullets and the wine was blood."

He was one of those who accepted results, and when the war was over put his shoulder to the wheels of enterprise and progress. He aided in the upbuilding of the waste places of his beloved State; and from 1866 to the hour of his death he devoted the energies of his mind and the strength of his being to Virginia and Virginia's welfare. In public affairs he took a prominent part, and his advice and counsel were sought after by the wisest men, not only in Virginia, but in the country. His heart was pure, his motives high, and because of these attributes his influence was widespread and effective. Possessed of a loyal heart, other hearts sought and found in him a friend, "A very present help in trouble."

His service in this House was conspicuous for energy, for effectiveness in accomplishing results, for untiring efforts in behalf of his people, for an undivided attention to the wants of his constituents, for unfailing courtesy, and for that uprightness of character which gained for him the sincere confidence of his fellow-members on this floor.

Buoyant in disposition, genial in intercourse, ever ready to comply with requests, considerate of all, he was beloved by all.

His loss to his colleagues from Virginia can never be supplied. With them he was in peculiar accord. It is no exaggeration to say that he was beloved by us all, trusted by us all, confided in by us all, looked up to by us all. Virginia has lost a devoted son who lived up to her best traditions. He rests in her consecrated soil; by the banks of his beloved river, whose murmur soothed him in infancy, he sleeps. Virginia will ever honor his memory. His name and his fame will be one of her precious keepsakes.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Speaker, I do not rise for the purpose of pronouncing any extended eulogy upon our deceased friend. That has already been eloquently done by the members of his State delegation who have preceded me. But I think I have known Major OTEY longer and better perhaps than any member of the Virginia delegation, and I do not feel that I can let this occasion pass without saying something to show my appreciation of his many noble traits and his manly and sterling character. We were born in the same town, reared in the same community, educated at the same school, and for years before I went to the State of Minnesota were neighbors and friends.

My farther was his father's friend, and it is a great satisfaction to me to feel that he was my friend. He was one of seven brothers who went from our city into the Confederate army, and all of whom served with consummate gallantry that cause which, whatever may be thought of it now, they believed in, and for which they were all ready to, and some of them did, give their lives. His brother, Col. Kirk Otey, was brought to my father's house in Richmond when he was desperately wounded in the bloody battles around that city in 1862, and for two generations the most cordial friendship has existed between our families. And so I think I can say that I knew Major OTEY perhaps better than he was known by any member of this House.

I knew him as brother, husband, father; as a private citizen and a public man, and in whatever relation or capacity I knew him he was always the same able, honorable, upright, pure, and genial gentleman. Whether as bank cashier, insurance agent, railroad president, or member of this honorable body, he was always faithful to his obligations and ever punctual and attentive to his duties. If there was one characteristic more marked in him than any other, it was his capacity for organization, his close attention to and mastery of details, and his untiring energy in directing and guiding the organization he had created. Thus it was that he gained the prominence he attained in the community in which he lived, and established himself in the confidence of his neighbors.

Major OTEY served with conspicuous gallantry and ability throughout the entire civil war, commanding in one of the battles the brigade to which he belonged. He was, of course, imbued with the prejudices (if they may be so styled), and perhaps the hatreds, of his people. Certainly he had their principles. But when the gallant fight had been made, and the war was over, and all was lost save honor, he gracefully and honestly and sincerely accepted the result and addressed himself to that business career which brought honor to him at home, and ended with his distinguished services in this House.

Virginia has produced many sons whose names will stand higher on the roll of fame than will that of Major OTEY, but she never had a son more loyal, more devoted, and more determined to serve her with heart and soul. Well might she be proud of him.

Major OTEY came of a family able, sincere, brave, chivalrous, but no scion of that family was abler, more sincere, braver, more chivalrous than he.

It so happened that we were on opposite sides in politics at a time in Virginia when the contests were bitter and severe. The first time I ever ran for Congress he was the chairman of the committee of the opposite political party, but I never knew or heard of his doing anything that might not be expected of an honorable opponent, and there was never a time when our personal friendship was severed or even strained.

When I came to this body, I found him here, and I have felt during all the time in which we were colleagues that, although still on opposite sides politically, there was no man here to whom I could go with greater assurance as a friend.

And so I say, Mr. Speaker, that I did not feel that I could let this occasion pass without bearing my feeble testimony to his noble and generous character. My sincere sympathy goes out to his wife, his children, and his many friends in the community where we were born and which he so faithfully represented, and I join with them in the belief that he has passed to a brighter and happier realm beyond the shadows of this fitful life. Peace to his ashes.

Mr. SWANSON. Mr. Speaker, this House has assembled upon this sacred Sabbath to pay tribute to our distinguished colleagues who recently departed this life. With much eloquence deserved tribute has been paid to that eminent son of New York, AMOS CUMMINGS, whose loss we all deeply deplore. Virginia mingles her sorrow with all the rest of the country, and mourns with New York in the loss of her great son.

We, of Virginia, in the death of Maj. PETER J. OTEY, have sustained a great and irreparable loss, and take this as a fitting occasion to pay tribute to his illustrious services and preeminent virtues. There was no man in public life in Virginia who was more universally admired, more highly esteemed, than our deceased colleague. His popularity and his friends were not confined to his own district or to his own section, but they embraced the entire State.

Major OTEY illustrated in his personal traits of character, in his public life and public services, the best developments of Virginia character, which in purity, in force, and the best elements of humanity, have been unsurpassed. He was a fair type of those Virginians who, commencing with the majestic Washington and ending with the matchless Lee, have made resplendent the history of Virginia the world over. His lineage was of the purest and best in the State. He was a worthy descendant of worthy and noted ancestry. He possessed all the lofty attributes and high ideals which characterize his ancestry. He was brave, truthful, honest, frank, candid, and loyal. I never knew a man possessing to a higher degree that great virtue which embodies what is known as personal integrity and honor. Affable, pleasant, genial, and chivalric, he always possessed a host of friends and admirers.

A distinguished writer has well said that the brightest jewel that can decorate a man is courage, and the brightest jewel that can decorate a woman is purity. Courage in man and purity in woman have been the two great civilizing forces which have enabled mankind to attain its present development and progress. No braver heart ever fluttered in man than that which pulsated in the breast of Major OTEY.

As a mere youth he rendered distinguished service in the late civil war, and many battlefields and rapid promotions gave testimony to his courage and superb qualities as a soldier. In a business career his honesty, industry, quick aptitude, knowledge, and attention to business accomplished good results. Coming from a war with a fortune which he inherited wasted and destroyed, he rapidly built up a successful insurance business, and became noted as the most successful banking and financial officer of his section. Under great difficulties he built and constructed the Lynchburg and Durham Railroad, which has been of great benefit and brought great blessings to his city and section. He was president of this road and operated it with much ability until it was purchased and merged into a larger system.

In the politics of Virginia he has been potential, exerting beneficial and a widespread influence in the State. In the campaign in Virginia which culminated in the overthrow of repudiation and Mahoneism in that State none deserve more credit for efficient service than Major OTEY. His powers of organization, his silent and persistent work, his wise counsel and leadership constituted a large factor in the victory which the Democracy achieved in 1883. He always manifested a great interest in public affairs. His party loved and trusted him fully and completely.

For six years he has represented the State of Virginia upon the national Democratic committee, a high honor which his party was glad to bestow upon him unanimously and which he held at the time of his death and would have continued to hold as long as he lived. He never asked for a public office until 1894, when he was elected to Congress from the Sixth Congressional district of Virginia, and which position he held at the time of his death and would have continued to hold as long as he lived. No Representative from Virginia had the confidence, the love, and affection of his constituency to a greater degree than Major OTEY. There was no Representative in this body more attentive to his duties or discharged his public duties and served his constituency more faithfully and patriotically than our deceased colleague, and I believe his unfortunate illness and death largely resulted from his excessive work and his strict attention to the duties of his position.

The humblest request from the humblest constituent of his he treated as a command to be obeyed, and only those who have been intimately associated with him realize the amount of work he accomplished and the strict and continuous attention he paid to the duties of his office. I can say justly that I have known no Representative since I have been in Congress more faithful, more efficient, and more capable than Major OTEY.

He had a strong, clear, masculine mind which would grasp public questions with force and clearness. He knew what was right, and his vote and influence were always in that direction. No man has ever served in this body whose public life was purer and freer from blemish. He was an attractive speaker and was always listened to with attention by the House. I do not believe there was a member of this House who was more highly esteemed, more generally loved and liked, than Major OTEY.

During the last years of his service in this House I had the pleasure of being his desk mate. During this time he was possessed of a fatal illness which he knew ultimately must terminate seriously, yet none would never have judged this from his conduct or manner. He was always cheerful, buoyant, bright, and sunshiny, manly, courageous, active, and energetic to the end. Nothing has more impressed me than to see this, knowing, as I did, his serious illness. It exhibited far more than any

language I possess can express his brave, courageous heart, his firm will, and energetic determination.

Thackeray, in his great novel Vanity Fair, has well said that the world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. If he smiles upon it, it smiles upon him; if he loves it, it loves him, invariably mirroring back a true picture of the man presented. This is a profound truth which is illustrated fully in the life and death of our distinguished friend. He loved the world and its people, and it showered him with its esteem and affection. He smiled upon the world with bright smiles, and it met him with smiles and friends. He treated the world well, honestly, and fairly, and it gave him its esteem, its regard, confidence, and affection.

When I went to Lynchburg to his burial services I was deeply impressed with this great truth; from all portions of his district and State people came to pay tribute to his worth and virtue. In his home city all business was suspended, and it seemed if every person of that city felt that they had experienced a personal loss.

Mr. Speaker, such are the rewards which await manly, honorable, and pure lives such as was led by our late colleague. He discharged the duties and performed all the obligations of his life courageously and completely.

A more devoted husband never lived. His wife was his constant companion, and participated in all of his work, shared all of his joys and disappointments, and divided with him the work and toil incident to his office. Nothing has ever touched me more or furnished me more eloquent proof of Major OTEY'S high qualities of mind and heart than the sweet, lasting intimacy and affection between himself and wife. He loved to a passionate degree his children and grandchildren, which they returned with deep intensity and esteem. He was loved and esteemed by his neighbors, his colleagues in Congress, his State, and by all who were brought in contact with him.

His life, Mr. Speaker, constitutes a life of success; one of many achievements; one deserving of great commendation; one which should be imitated, and one whose influence must be lasting and beneficial. Such a life constitutes a rich heritage and solace to his family and friends, adds additional luster to his State, and furnishes an example worthy to be followed by those possessed of the responsibilities of a public life.

Mr. DE ARMOND. Mr. Speaker, the great question in life respecting any of us is not so much who our ancestors were as what we are and what we do. It is true, nevertheless, that what we are and what we do and what we may do depends very largely upon the inheritance of birth. Those who come of good ancestry, who trace their line through heroic stock, who track back through good lives, have a better assurance, enter life with a better promise of success, than those who come in less kindly endowed by nature. And yet nature has a way of her own of gathering up through the years and through all conditions, good and bad, sifting and assorting, and from time to time, from sources unpretentious and unpromising, combining happily the elements which make the very best and the very highest of human kind.

The friend to whose memory we pay tribute this day was happy in that his ancestry was historic and of excellent quality. He inherited from both his mother and his father qualities which are best expressed and best summarized in the one phrase which has become historic. He came from a line of Virginia gentlemen, and he was himself worthy of that line and a typical "Virginia gentleman."

He was hardly more than a boy when the war broke out. Fresh from the Virginia Military Institute, just a little while away from the schoolbooks and discipline of that institution, just a little while abroad in the work of men, when the tocsin of war sounded and the great crisis in the history of our country and in the history of so many of our people individually was upon him and upon all. In retrospect we certainly can not wonder that Major OTEY took precisely the course which he did take. Youthful as he was, of course he had never thought or read or speculated deeply upon the general questions of secession and of States' rights or of national power and of national rights.

He had the education of a soldier. There had been instilled into him for four years the elements necessary to make an officer, and to them he had added, by way of inheritance, patriotism and an intense love of home and of old Virginia. To him the war meant invasion, as it did to so many others; to his ardent soul risk and danger, destruction and death, threatened, impended, unless resistance could be effective, to all that was worth preserving, to all that he loved. When the note of preparation for invasion came from over the border, and when later the tread of armed men was heard echoing over the hills and along the valleys and by the streams of old Virginia, he and others like him stopped not to reason or to speculate.

They had no time for abstractions. The concrete and only question of the day was upon them. OTEY, with his brothers, seven in all—what a heroic family it must have been—cast his lot with his own people, in his own land, with his neighbors, with his friends, with the citizenship and the chivalry of Virginia, and stood for the home that he loved against the force that menaced it.

Well he bore his part in the dreadful conflicts of four years. He did it, as did his illustrious chieftain, the great leader of the armies of the South, without bitterness, without malevolence, without envy, without feeling of enmity toward any individual or force engaged in warfare upon the other side. He simply followed the course of duty as he saw it; fought without a desire to inflict wanton injury, but with the intent and desire to protect, to shield, to save.

Coming through the war, this sunny-hearted and brave-spirited, kindly, just, and broad-minded man, after the field had been swept with the storm of shot and shell, and after hundreds and thousands of the bravest and best of the North and South and of the world had perished, when the blessings of peace came, no reconstruction was needed either in the genial heart or mind or life of our friend.

Genial and kindly, noble and magnanimous, brave and chivalrous, through the storm of battle he carried to the dawn of peace and the struggles of life beyond it those sterling qualities which did not need development, having been inherited and developed in stern practice in the life which he led fighting for Virginia and for home when Virginia and home were menaced. He filled life with charity and a great desire to do good.

Loving home and Virginia, his love grew and expanded until it embraced all the people of the Union—North and South, East and West—whether great or lowly, soldier or civilian, rich or poor. Aye, it extended even beyond the confines of country and the line of fellow-citizenship; it embraced the whole world. He was a man who went through life without desire to do harm to any, without a feeling of malevolence toward any, and with an ever present, pulsating desire to do good to all with whom he came in contact.

No wonder that this man was well beloved. No wonder that he had friends by the score, by the hundreds, by the thousands, and perhaps not a solitary enemy, for he did unto no man anything on account of which he could be his enemy. He was so broad minded and kindly that nobody could find in his life anything upon which enmity could fasten. So we find him throughout life a model character, manly and humane, sweet and charitable, industrious, painstaking, cheerfully helpful to all.

We did not know it then—we know it now—that our friend was for weeks before his death really and sorely afflicted. He knew, as has been remarked in these eulogies, that the mark of death was set upon him. He knew that it would not be many weeks, months, or years until he would be gathered to his fathers; but he made it known to none. He made no complaint. To the end he was cheery and helpful, industrious and patient. While awaiting the end, he forgot not the duties which lay between him and dissolution; he forgot not the duties of the hour; but, taxing his waning strength, he discharged those duties with the same degree of cheerfulness, with the same disposition to be helpful and kindly, as in the very prime and flush and strength of life.

He appeared to be a man exceedingly free from worry and care. Having no designs that had to be pursued by furtive means, no ends to be accomplished except in direct and honorable ways, he lived in the light, loving and greatly enjoying the fellowship and communion of kindred spirits.

In the three terms he served in Congress, during which time I also was a member, so far as I recollect, I never noticed upon his brow the evidence of care; I never saw by his bearing that the hand of trouble was upon him, except, I think, as I now recall it, during the time shortly preceding his death.

Being of an exceedingly affectionate nature, he was loyalty itself, ever true and faithful to friends. He came to regard, and did regard, everybody in his Congressional district, so far as he could help him or advance him, as being peculiarly under his protection, and having the right to call upon him in every hour of need. He was ever ready to do for the humblest as well as the mightiest whatever he might do, whatever the necessities might require or suggest.

He looked upon his constituents much as the father looks upon his children. He had an affection for them. He could not think with patience or satisfaction of the possibility of losing them from that care and that protection and that helpfulness which he might extend to them as their representative in Congress.

Thus it was that during the time when there was pending in his own State legislation with reference to redistricting I thought, and I believe others who observed him and who enjoyed friendship and communion with him also thought, because the signs were quite evident, that he was disturbed more than we ever before knew him to be; not so much because there was danger

of his losing his seat in Congress by the redistricting, which might leave him among strangers, but primarily because he might, by reason of the change in Congressional districts, be forced to part from friends who had elected him to office and whom he had served; forced to part even from those who had tried to defeat him for office, all of whom he had served as the Representative in Congress of all the people.

I am satisfied that this weighed upon him, and, added to the infirmities which were already accumulating too thick on his devoted head, really tended to hasten the end. He felt somehow that to lose out of his district any of the counties which constituted the territory which sent him to Congress, and which he had represented so well and striven so faithfully to serve, would be something in the nature of a personal loss, a severing of the ties of friendship. A redistricting which tore up his district and scattered the fragments seemed to him like taking away from him those to whom he was attached, and in the evening of life, with his infirmities heavy upon him, leaving him to form new ties and new relationships, personal and political.

But even these things, these cares that pressed upon his life here, that disturbed him—for he felt that without fault of his a safe district was likely to be changed into a doubtful one—did not harass him so much because of what he might lose as because the redistricting tended to break up the associations so happy to him and so much cherished by him. This worry, making common cause with the bodily ills which he suffered, broke him down and, I fear, carried him off both suddenly and prematurely.

We were all very much shocked when the news came that Major OTEY was dead. We had not observed that he was failing. We had not observed that there was less strength day by day for some time. He was so cheery, the soul of good humor, the very essence of good fellowship, the very personification of helpfulness, that we could not realize, and we did not realize, that our friend was soon to pass away; and so when the news came, it came with all the force of a shock. As we learned the details, we knew that he had been different from what we saw him only for a few days. Decay had progressed just a little farther, and he was unable to move about in his accustomed ways. The struggle was short, and the old soldier was found prepared for the death which he had faced upon many a field without flinching.

I have often thought what a spectacle that is—the peaceful death, the body dying first, consciousness remaining clear to the end. How helpful it might be if one, without himself dying, could realize and experience what there is in the mind of a well-constituted man, such as Major OTEY was, when the shadows lengthen, when the final stroke is near, when the inevitable hour has almost struck, when the sands of life are running, running, almost run out, when there is in the ears the sound of the wash of the waters of the mystic river which all must cross—in the full possession of his faculties, with all the joys of earth about him, but fading fast, finally fading, with friends and relatives gathered at his bedside—what a feeling it must be, what an experience! But we all must take the journey alone, and no one can relate the experience to another, and no one can taste its fruit except he himself pluck them as the final act of life here and the initial act of life beyond.

But speculations about these things, however seductive they are and however we are drawn to them, drawn to them time after time as the grave opens for one after another of our friends, are ever speculations which lead simply to more speculations and which only can be answered finally and demonstrated as to their truthfulness or the fact that they are baseless by our own experience.

It is worth while, however, as we pass along through life, with all its trials and its triumphs, with all its good deeds and its bad deeds, sometimes satisfied with what we do and at other times greatly dissatisfied, sometimes pleased with what our friends or our neighbors or our fellow-citizens or fellow-beings in the great human band do, sometimes dissatisfied, sometimes displeased, sometimes with the aid of others trying to accomplish what we regard as great and good, sometimes exerting our best energies, drawing all the force and all the will and all the power that we can command into the work of overcoming or even destroying those of our kind who do not think or see as we do, it is well in all these varying and trying experiences of life, in all its peace and happiness, with all its failures and all its successes, when we can recur to and dwell upon a life like that of our friend. Here was a man who discharged his duty void of offense. Here was a man forceful, but who never found it necessary to draw on his powers to the injury of anyone—who wounded none.

Eulogy often is meaningless exaggeration; eulogy often is worthless, because there is no symmetry about it and no regard for facts or fitness in it; but we are speaking to-day of a man who was among the noblest of his kind, a man who possessed in high degree, unadulterated and undefiled, many of the grandest elements found in human nature. All who knew him, all who enjoyed the pleasure and profit of his friendship, all who were placed by association with him, can recollect him with pleasure and can, if it be possible for us to do so, model our own lives and direct our own conduct, in some particulars at least, by the example that he has left us.

We speak to-day of a departed friend of whom high praise is but justice, whose life may be commended without fulsome eulogy, and whose death may be mourned without feigned sorrow.

Mr. RHEA of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, the life, character, and virtues of Major OTEY have been so fully, justly, and vividly portrayed by others that it only remains for me to say a few words in paying a humble tribute to the late representative of the Sixth Virginia district.

I had known Major OTEY for several years, and he was one of the most lovable men I ever met. He was as tender and gentle as a woman. He had endeared himself to the people of his district by his ability and integrity, his strict devotion to duty, his indomitable energy, and his genial disposition.

I have never known a man more unselfish, or who took greater pride or seemed happier in serving others. He was not a man to promise everything and do nothing. He was essentially a man who did things. He never procrastinated. He would not say, "Wait until to-morrow or next week," but now was always the accepted time with him.

Just a few days before his fatal illness I went to him and told him I was anxious to get a bill reported by a committee of which he was a member, and he said "I will attend to it at once," and the bill was reported that day.

It seemed to be a pleasure for him to aid others, and he was, in my judgment, not only for the country at large, but especially for the people of his district, one of the most valuable, efficient, and patriotic Representatives who ever occupied a seat upon this floor.

Mr. Speaker, I do not believe I could pay a more fitting or truer tribute to the memory of our beloved friend than to use his own words spoken by him in this House on March 24, 1900, in paying a tribute to Hon. Sydney P. Epes. His words were not only true of the life and character of our lamented friend, Sydney Epes, but how especially applicable they are to his own life and character will be readily seen by all who knew him. Major OTEY on that occasion said:

Mr. SPEAKER: It has been truly said that the crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of man, constituting a rank in itself and an estate in the general good will, dignifying every station and exalting every position in society, wielding greater power than wealth and achieving honor without the petty bickering and jealousies attending fame.

Sydney P. Epes possessed character which carried with it irresistible power—strong to do good, no less strong to resist evil. Integrity of word and deed was his backbone, and truth and sincerity formed the essence of his manly nature that gave a loyalty to "virtue which served her without livery."

He cultivated the habit of happy thought, and his genial spirit and charming temper were as "timid violets with their richest fragrance unaware," yet filling the surroundings with wonderful sweetness. His graceful demeanor toward all was a constant source of pleasure, and his gentleness was like the silent influence of light, giving color to the environments. His bearing toward superiors or inferiors, high or low, the humble or the lofty, was marked in his respect alike for all.

Good manners gilded his every action, and in speaking a kind word and in doing a kind thing he always enhanced their value.

He was a gentleman in its largest sense, a dignity in itself, commanding the homage and respect of every generous mind.

He adorned every station in life to which he was called, depending not on fashion, but on moral worth; not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities.

His law was rectitude of purpose; his standard, probity of word and deed; his motto, virtue.

He was a poor man in this world's goods, but rich in all the elements that go to fashion the most elevated models of human kind. The words "nature's nobleman" were stamped on the model which formed him.

Frank and open, he despised deceit, and he held honor and virtue as beloved twin sisters, not to be hurt if assailed, not to be enthralled if surprised.

He was a friend, yes, a true friend, whose counsel was not based on flattery, neither was it crooked by selfish ends.

His friendship, perfectly sincere, unselfish, and pure, was a treasure to those possessing it. It was in no sense an obligation to be met; it had no day of maturity, no days of grace; it bore no interest. No demand for payment, no value received, was written across its face. It was payable never. It was the possessor's to use when and where deemed proper. It was too lofty to serve an ignoble purpose, and, like the forest oak, it grew more and more deeply rooted as time wore on.

His benevolence and charity were the children of his generosity, and his candle threw its penetrating beams into the dark recesses of the countless homes of the poor, whose tears mingle with ours at his untimely end. The "prayer of want and the plaint of woe" always touched his generous heart. We are all better for having known Sydney P. Epes, and the world is better for his having lived in it.

Truth was to him as a pearl, that showed best in the light of open day and needed no artifice to disclose its purity. He had no patience with the semblance of delusion that tampered with it. He had lofty ambition and achieved distinguished honor, but was ever free from the canker, envy, in his efforts to excel.

In his death he exemplified the life described by the Psalmist as one—

"That walketh uprightly, and worketh righteously, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

It is my sad privilege to plant a flower on his grave, watered with the tears of memory, and thus to pay my last tribute to him whose death was the crown of a useful life.

Mr. Speaker, PETER J. OTEY was a noble son of the Old Dominion.

He served her well and faithfully in war and in peace.

In his death the country has lost a patriotic servant; his State a loyal and devoted son, and his district an ideal representative.

Mr. MCCALL. Mr. Speaker, PETER J. OTEY was a rare spirit. Compared with some careers, his term of service in this House was not a long one. He took much less of its time in debate than his abilities fairly entitled him to claim, and yet he spoke enough to reveal himself to those of the members who did not know him personally well. The prime quality of his speaking was the rich, wholesome, and thoroughly American humor with which he delighted the House. That is a quality which no bad man can possess. It is the shining of the kindly and benignant light of a good spirit.

I knew him also in his relation to the Virginia Military Institute, of which he was a proud and devoted graduate, and for which he cherished a loyal affection. He was a genial, chivalric gentleman, such a man as would be sure to command the love of his friends. The esteem in which his neighbors held him was shown by the tenderness of the last tributes paid his memory in the beautiful city in which he had lived. Upon the faces of the thronging crowds was the sadness of a personal grief, and the presence of so many of the splendid heroes of the Southern armies attested their sorrow over the loss of an old comrade, who bore upon his body the scars of the tremendous struggle in which they had so bravely taken part. His capacity for rendering loyal and efficient public service was gratefully recognized by his constituency, and the representatives of the State of Virginia have to-day borne fitting witness to the hold he had upon the people he represented. Those whose fortune it was to know him long and intimately have spoken more fully of his character and life. I only rise to mingle my voice with theirs, to express my keen sense of personal loss, and to add my personal tribute to the memory of our friend whose noble qualities will long be held in affectionate remembrance.

Mr. RIXEY. Mr. Speaker, Major OTEY was more than a colleague—he was a friend. Preceding me to the House of Representatives, where I met him for the first time, our acquaintance ripened into esteem, confidence, and friendship. He was of a lovable nature, and made friends with all with whom he came in contact. A Confederate soldier, he had the pleasure of counting among his warmest friends the honored Speaker of the House of Representatives and many others who, like him, had fought upon the Union side in the great conflict between the States.

Educated at the Virginia Military Institute, he early responded to the call to arms and served with distinguished gallantry throughout the great civil strife, and during the remainder of his life carried on and in his body not only the scars, but the bullets received upon the field of honor. Upon the return of peace he engaged in business enterprises; and in railroad, banking, and insurance proved himself a capable, thorough, and successful business man. Unlike many of the successful business men of the present day, he amassed no fortune, but left to his friends and relatives a prouder heritage—that of a life well spent; brave, honest, capable—that of a patriot and a statesman. He believed in fair dealing and loved the right; and, undimmed by any shadow, the example of his life still lives in undiminished luster in the memory of a life well spent in public and private stations. He possessed in an eminent degree not only the affections of the people of his district, but the esteem and confidence of his State and party, and for some years prior to his death was the Virginia member of the National Democratic committee.

Not a professional man, and yet not a man of wealth, he was selected by his fellow-countrymen to represent them in the Fifty-fourth Congress. To those who knew Major OTEY this was not surprising. Genial and approachable, he had, in every walk of life, under the most trying and perilous circumstances, been proven loyal to his State, true in his friendships, and absolutely incorruptible and unimpeachable in all of the transactions of life—the best type of the American patriot.

After his first election to the House of Representatives there was never any question as to his successor. Though elected four times, he never had an opponent for the nomination after the first contest. His service was so acceptable that he was truly a representative for life.

He was justly proud of his hold upon the affections of his people, and we well remember the pain and anguish the probability of a division of his district caused him. He plunged into the contest with all and more than his accustomed energy—bent on preventing, if possible, the dismemberment of his beloved district. No people ever had a more faithful Representative. No Representative ever had a more appreciative and, I might say, affectionate constituency.

On the eve of a renomination without opposition, in the city and house where he was born, he laid down his life peacefully, quietly, bravely. The end was not wholly unexpected. We who knew him intimately knew that he did not look forward to a long life. He expressed no vain regrets as to his condition, but conscientiously discharged his duty to the last.

I believe his end was as he would have chosen. In the full possession of his faculties, with but few hours of pain; in the presence of his beloved wife, who had shared his joys and sorrows, who had been in very truth his life partner, his helpmate, his beloved on whom he leaned for comfort, encouragement, courage, and support, and she was all; surrounded by his children, of whom he was ever proud, and of whom he took delight in talking to his intimate friends; in the house of his fathers, he gave back to his Maker, as peacefully and calmly as the sunlight fades from the sky, the life he had received. It was the "gathering of ripened fruit."

The telegram announcing his death was a great shock. The House was already in mourning for Hon. A. J. Cummings, a distinguished member from New York, to whose eulogies we have just listened, and scarcely were the badges of mourning placed upon our colleague's desk before we were startled by the announcement that another, and this time the Hon. Joshua S. Salmon, an honored representative from the State of New Jersey, had, even while he appeared in the most robust health, been "touched by the finger of God and slept."

On a beautiful May day, surrounded by his old comrades in arms, by a multitude of his fellow-citizens from all the ranks and walks of life, by a delegation of his colleagues of the House of Representatives and from the Senate of the United States, and by the governor of his Commonwealth, to the sweet strains of the beautiful hymn—

Beyond the sunset's glow
There is a brighter world I know.

We laid him to rest in the beautiful cemetery of his best-loved city and State, at the base of the great Blue Ridge Mountains, which lift their peaks into the very clouds, as if to fathom the unexplored beyond.

There is a resurrection and a life beyond the sunset's glow, and we who knew our friend believe that he will live with his beloved, where mansions are prepared for those who have lived lives of kindness, honesty, and truth, and who love the Lord.

Mr. GRAFF. Mr. Speaker, I feel it my duty to pay a brief, modest, and informal tribute to the memory of Hon. PETER J. OTEY. During the past three sessions of Congress it has been my pleasure to be quite intimately associated with him. He was a member of the Committee on Claims of the House, of which I happened to be chairman. During the last session of Congress he was associated with me on the subcommittee, where we were engaged almost daily in mutual work. It was this committee where was done most of his laborious committee work.

I owe it to PETER J. OTEY that I pay tribute to his memory, because I feel indebted to him. I feel that I have obtained benefit because of the personal contact with him which was my privilege during the past two years.

After all, a human life preaches the most forceful sermon. Deeds are more forceful than words, but character is more forceful than either. After all, it is not what we accomplish, but it is what we are, that is important. Accomplishment may depend upon the accident of opportunity, but character depends upon ourselves. PETER J. OTEY lived a life of integrity, benevolence, charity, industry, and patriotism, and thus taught these virtues and made them attractive to others.

Two members of the House of Representatives who have passed away during this session were members of the Committee on Claims. One of those was Representative OTEY, and the other Representative Salmon. It is a matter of self-congratulation that in both these men were found most gentle qualities of heart and most thorough and most manly qualities of mind.

On May 5, the day after Major OTEY'S death, the Committee on Claims assembled, as they had been called together with the expectation of performing the ordinary work of the day, and passed these resolutions:

The Committee on Claims have heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. PETER JOHNSTON OTEY, of Virginia, who for several terms was a faithful and efficient member of this committee: Therefore,

*Be it resolved by the Committee on Claims of the House of Representatives*, That in the death of the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, a Representative from the State of Virginia, the Committee on Claims have suffered a great loss in being deprived of the valuable services of Mr. OTEY as a member of the committee, and sincerely testify to his generous spirit, integrity, unflagging industry, and ability, and that the members of this committee individually all feel that they have lost in him a friend and a liberal, broad-minded coworker.

*Be it resolved, as a further mark of respect*, That the committee do now adjourn, and that these resolutions be spread upon the records of this committee, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

I was reared in a Union soldier's home, from which a father

and two brothers went forth on the Federal side to battle for the preservation of the Union.

Prior to my experience in this House, beginning with the Fifty-fourth Congress, I had no knowledge of Southern life or Southern character save that obtained by reading. My own experience had brought with me only those things which would conduce to a prejudice against Southern life, Southern character, and Southern aspirations. I little dreamed eight years ago that I would find myself delivering a sincere eulogy to an ex-Confederate soldier during my service here. Without yielding any of my own convictions of the measures of the period of the war of the rebellion, I feel that I have somewhat altered my views of the men of that period who were then against us. I believe Mr. OTEY to have been a fair example of the high type of that portion of American life which descended from the Cavaliers. I feel proud of this departed friend who was born and continued to live until his death in the great State of Virginia—who performed his duty as he saw it.

His life stretched from 1840 to 1902, covering a most important epoch in our history. He was rich in reminiscences, and oftentimes before the committee had commenced its labors he was in the habit of giving us various experiences of army life. Through it all there was not even a suggestion of resentfulness against the victorious, nor was there ever a suggestion of regret of any attitude that he had taken in the great war. There was never a suggestion of the thought that he was wrong in his battle for the Southern cause, but there was a recognition of the fact that the victory came to the Federal side, and with that victory he proposed to contribute all of his influence and all the force of his character to make that victory for the good of his country. Under the new conditions he took his place to do the best he could for his country.

He was an optimist. He was not addicted to looking on the blue side and the gloomy side of life. He hoped for the best. He believed that men were honest. He was slow to believe that they were otherwise, and hence in making up his opinion concerning the many claims which pressed upon us for solution and adjudication if he had any disposition to err it was upon the side of believing that there was no wrong in particular claims which were presented to us.

Another weakness he had was that of a noble man, and that weakness was on the side of generosity. If he believed that the claim presented was from one who needed the money, one who had a hard battle in life with which to contend, his disposition was to vote in the affirmative, on the theory that if he erred in his decisions upon the committee it was better to err on the side of the weaker rather than on the side of the great, strong, wealthy Government.

Therefore, Mr. Speaker, I feel gratified that on this occasion, through these memorial addresses, delineating correctly and truthfully the life of PETER J. OTEY, the country may get a better notion of the level of character and morality which pervades this House. My own experience for the past eight years has led me to believe that the vast majority of the members who come here give to their duties the very best of their service, the very best of their ability and of conscientious effort; and that upon both sides of the House, contrary to opinions which erroneously prevail, perhaps, all over the country, or in different sections, the great majority of the business done by this House is not transacted in a partisan way, and it is only upon strictly partisan questions that we range upon the one side and the other at the bidding of party. For the most part the great bulk of the business transacted by this body is transacted from the standpoint of the patriot, of the representative of all the people; and hence the needs of every section will be faithfully responded to, no matter what party shall prevail, in the majority of our deliberations.

Major OTEY believed in his fellow-man. He loved his kind. As has been stated, there is probably not another member of this House who has done so many things for his associates in the way of service on his committee as has been done in the past year and a half by PETER J. OTEY.

He always looked, as I said, for a better day out of the gloom; and may we trust, may we feel justified by his life, that he to-day has entered into a better day—into an eternal morning.

Mr. WILLIAM W. KITCHIN. Just a word, Mr. Speaker, for I am sure I can add nothing to the splendid eulogies which have already been spoken upon the life and character of our deceased friend. I feel, however, that I could not let this occasion pass without paying some slight tribute to his worth.

In 1865 my father and Major OTEY were friends and fellow-prisoners of war at Fort Delaware. That of itself would have attracted me to Major OTEY. He was one of the few men in Congress whom I knew before I came here, having known him for eight years before I was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress.

He was a civil engineer, a brave and gallant Confederate soldier, a banker, and a practical railroad man before he entered public life, and became distinguished in each business he had pursued. The greatest material monument to his energy and wisdom is the Lynchburg and Durham Railroad, now a part of the Norfolk and Western system, running through my county. To him more than to anyone else was the construction of that road due. The entire people of the good country opened up by that road will cherish his memory with profound appreciation of the great service he rendered them in the building of that line of railway.

My district in North Carolina adjoins his district in Virginia. In my own county and district Major OTEY had many personal friends, attached to him by strong ties of great regard and happy association. I have had many opportunities of knowing the high esteem, the warm affection, and the loyal confidence freely given to him by his large constituency. I believe that no man in this body was in closer touch with the people of his district than was our deceased friend.

Before his election to Congress he had been chairman of his Congressional executive committee, and in that capacity had come to kow personally the great majority of the influential men in the various neighborhoods of his district. After his election, in my judgment he gave as much of his personal attention to the needs, the correspondence, and the little matters of business intrusted to his care by his constituents as any man in this House. I can add my testimony to that of his colleagues who have already spoken, that in all this body no man was more diligent or attentive to businsss than he. He was in truth a good, a splendid Representative, and deserved the plaudit from his people, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

As a man he was candid, courageous, honest, full of sympathy and humanity; just such a man as one delights to honor and rejoices to call his friend. He carried sunshine and happiness, comfort and encouragement to those who sought his counsel. As a friend he was loyal and true; as a husband and father, kind, considerate, and devoted. We have missed him. We shall miss him. No one is more conscious than myself of the inadequacy of words to fitly portray this man's life and character. I shall not attempt it. Words can not compensate for his loss, but in his life, honest, manly, candid, energetic, and faithful, we find much consolation and regard it as an inspiration to struggling men, teaching them the lessons of fidelity, industry, ability, integrity, and kindness. The inevitable mystery has borne him from us, as it will hereafter bear us from others, and we must submit. We shall cherish his virtues. His memory will always be pleasant to us. Peace to his ashes—joy to his soul.

Mr. LAMB. Mr. Speaker, in the quiet of this Sabbath day we turn from the arduous duties of life to the contemplation of death.

How inexorable is death! "All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity." How intrusive is death! There is no age nor condition into which it will not intrude its presence. Since these ceremonies begun it has entered the homes of thousands. The humble and the great, the rich and poor, alike fall before this enemy of mankind. There is no escape from the grim monster. Vain man in pride declares, "I will build me larger barns wherein to store my goods." A voice in deep and solemn tones replies: "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." A dreamer sees in the dark an ill-omened bird perched upon his chamber door, and to his imprecations he hears but one response—"Nevermore!" "Nevermore!"

So there is a spirit which haunts us night and day, in toil or sport, in sunshine or sorrow, in sin or in righteousness, evermore repeating this warning:

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forebear;
Repent, thy end is nigh.
Death, at the furthest, can't be far,
O! think before thou die.

How dreadful is death! "All we know or dream or fear of agony" is embodied in death. The youngest of us may, the oldest of us must, soon be ushered into the unknown world from whence come no tidings of those who have gone before.

Nature, experience, conscience, all sound in our ears the melancholy truth,

To die—to sleep:
To sleep! perchance to dream: ay! there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

The numerous deaths in this and the two previous Congresses—three from my own State, Virginia—emphasize these sorrowful but suggestive utterances: "In the midst of life we are in death;" "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble;" "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The last summons came unexpectedly to our friend and colleague, though possibly not without warning to himself. Only

the day before he left this city, seeking rest and quiet at his home in Lynchburg, I sat by him in this House talking over some matters that had recently given him much concern. When I asked after his health and expressed the hope that he would soon be with us again, he laid his hand over his heart and remarked, "There is something wrong here; I can not tell what will be the result." In a few days the wires flashed to us the sad intelligence that our colleague had passed from earth to the great beyond.

In the death of Hon. PETER J. OTEY the Sixth Congressional district of Virginia lost a faithful and efficient Representative and the State a true and loyal son, who served her well in war and peace. A faithful and devoted husband, an affectionate father and grandfather, and a warm-hearted and sympathetic friend has been removed from the companionship of those whom he delighted to supply with every needed comfort and cheer with the words of affection and good will that came from a heart unusually free from selfishness as well as envy and uncharitableness.

Were I asked to point out in a word the leading trait of character in our departed colleague, I would say that charity was his crowning virtue. During the five years of somewhat intimate association with him I never heard him speak unkindly of anyone. His political opponents will, I am sure, bear willing testimony to this. Although possessing a fund of humor that he employed at times with telling effect, he never used this power to detract from another or in such a manner as to leave any sting of bitterness behind. He was ever ready to serve a friend, and would put himself to any trouble in order to aid a colleague. In this respect, as well as in other qualifications, he was well equipped for his arduous duties as a member of the Committee on Claims.

Many others here besides myself will testify to the truth of this observation. His industry was equally conspicuous. This gave him a hold upon his district. No member of the Virginia delegation worked more constantly and effectively for his people. His constituents often spoke to me of his untiring zeal in their behalf. Had he lived it is my belief that he would have remained in Congress as long as he desired. I take this occasion to bear willing testimony to his helpfulness. He had served in the Fifty-fourth Congress. I came in the Fifty-fifth. I had known him slightly as a business man and a useful citizen, but knew him in spirit as a gallant Confederate soldier. This tie soon drew us together, and he was prompt to offer such suggestions and assistance as a new member always appreciates and can never forget.

His acquaintance with the details of the work here soon attracted my attention, and I was not slow to follow his example and profit by his advice. He had a taste for his work as well as ability to perform it. Men of extraordinary ability are sometimes failures as Representatives for lack of the taste, tact, and industry that are absolutely necessary in order to meet the demands of an exacting or possibly censorious constituency. With an adaptability to the work and ability to perform it, Major OTEY had acquired the experience necessary for the duties of his position, and was giving his district and State a splendid service when death laid his cold hand upon him and transferred his immortal spirit to the better land, whose Maker had endowed our friend with a generous heart and loving disposition.

In the death of our colleague another of that incomparable body of men, "the glorious infantry of the army of northern Virginia" has passed from earth's scenes to the celestial city, not made with hands, whose builder is God.

I have not spoken of our friend's faith; we may well judge his faith by his works, for we know that "Faith without works is dead." The generous disposition and gentle qualities our colleague possessed come through the inspirations of a spirit that is not of earth; hence we may infer that our friend had learned more of the things of the spirit than he revealed to those not bound to him by the ties of home and consanguinity. Of one thing I am sure, our friend had the unshaken faith of the Confederate soldier in the justice and right of his cause; and there are soldiers all over Virginia to-day—I often hear them express themselves—who believe that a good and merciful Father above will look with special favor upon and prepare places for the men who sacrificed so much for liberty and home. Many of these, now three score years of age, are struggling with poverty and burdened with cares, while a large majority, with rare spiritual faith, are looking for a heavenly land. A few believe in the law of compensation, and are satisfied that the Confederate soldier will have the full reward for all his toils and sacrifices and losses when the Great King above pensions those who deserve as well as those who win success.

In this House in the Fifty-fifth Congress we had 32 ex-Confederate soldiers. Major OTEY prepared a careful list of these. We remember the interest he took in a banquet at which was gathered these 32 Representatives, with 16 of the Senate. He was in his element that night as he listened to and himself recounted the war scenes of forty years ago.

The Fifty-eighth Congress will not number 20 ex-Confederates. On both sides of this Chamber the soldiers who met in conflict forty years ago are diminishing in numbers. They are falling more rapidly than they fell in battle. In a few years the places that know them now will know them no more forever. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic, by whose deeds of valor we ex-Confederates may well measure our manhood and chivalry, are falling at the rate of 1,000 a month. The sons of these soldiers may well be proud of the deeds of their fathers. Many of them stood shoulder to shoulder in recent conflicts. After forty years of warfare the houses of York and Lancaster were united in one. More than a generation has passed since our civil war. May every trace of its bitterness soon pass away and this Republic live to bless the world and gladden the hearts of men everywhere, preparing them for the universal reign of peace and righteousness on earth.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. JONES of Virginia). Now, in accordance with the resolutions previously adopted, the House stands adjourned until 11 o'clock to-morrow.

And accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

## SENATE.

MONDAY, *June 30, 1902.*

The Senate met at 11 o'clock a. m.

Prayer by Rev. F. J. PRETTYMAN, of the city of Washington.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of the proceedings of Saturday last, when, on request of Mr. SPOONER, and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Journal, without objection, will stand approved.

### MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. C. R. MCKENNEY, its enrolling clerk, announced that the House had passed the following bills and joint resolution:

A bill (S. 1949) to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to appoint George H. Paul a warrant machinist in the Navy;

A bill (S. 4762) to prevent any consular officer of the United States from accepting any appointment from any foreign State as administrator, guardian, or to any other office of trust without first executing a bond, with security, to be approved by the Secretary of State;

A bill (S. 6091) extending the time for making final proof in desert-land entries in Yakima County, in the State of Washington; and

A joint resolution (S. R. 118) authorizing the Secretary of War to receive for instruction at the Military Academy at West Point Arturo R. Calvo, of Costa Rica.

The message also announced that the House had agreed to the amendments of the Senate to the following bills:

A bill (H. R. 97) to authorize the Secretary of War to furnish duplicate certificates of discharge;

A bill (H. R. 11400) in relation to taxes and tax sales in the District of Columbia, approved February 28, 1898; and

A bill (H. R. 12086) to extend the time for the construction of the East Washington Heights Traction Railroad Company.

The message further announced that the House had passed the following bills and joint resolution, in which it requested the concurrence of the Senate:

A bill (H. R. 11573) for the relief of settlers on lands granted in aid of the construction of wagon roads;

A bill (H. R. 15270) to amend an act entitled "An act authorizing the Aransas Harbor Terminal Railway Company to construct a bridge across the Corpus Christi channel, known as the Morris and Cummings ship channel, in Aransas, Tex.;" and

A joint resolution (H. J. Res. 198) giving authority to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia to make special regulations for the occasion of the thirty-sixth national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in the District of Columbia in the month of October, 1902, and for other purposes.

The message also announced that the House had agreed to the report of the committee of conference on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the amendments of the House to the bill (S. 493) to amend an act to establish a code of law for the District of Columbia.

The message further announced that the House had agreed to the reports of the committees of conference on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the amendments of the Senate to the following bills:

A bill (H. R. 9960) to prevent a false branding or marking of food and dairy products as to the State or Territory in which they are made or branded;